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SIXPENCE.
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Is there any reason why English authors should not join in expressions of sympathy with M. Zola? Mr. Edmund Gosse thinks that to do this would be a breach of "good manners," because the "vast majority of the most thoughtful and upright Frenchmen" regard M. Zola's action as "wholly indefensible." If Mr. Gosse is right in this statement and in his inference, then pretty nearly the entire Press of the world outside of France has violated those "good manners" which he is anxious to respect. Public opinion, from Odessa to New York, has condemned the sentence on M. Zola with a unanimity and vigour without precedent. When France is tried in this way at the bar of civilisation, it seems rather futile for Mr. Gosse to lift shocked hands in protest on behalf of manners. The truth is that there is a certain comity of nations which is outraged when any one of them offends flagrantly against the elementary principles of justice. When Russia adopted brutal measures towards the Jews, we did not pause to consider whether it was good breeding to remonstrate against a policy approved by the majority of the Russian people. When Voltaire resolved that justice should be done to the memory of the judicially murdered Jean Calas, he expressly declared that this was necessary to clear the fame of France at that bar of civilisation to which, Mr. Gosse says, it is bad manners for us to appeal.

How does Mr. Gosse know that the "vast majority of the most thoughtful and upright Frenchmen" think M. Zola's action "wholly indefensible"? Three things have been clearly established by the recent trial: first, that Captain Dreyfus was illegally convicted; secondly, that, having made this blunder in good faith, the military authorities deliberately buried inquiry; thirdly, that the Government have persecuted witnesses for the defence in order to suppress the agitation. M. Grimaud, of the Ecole Polytechnique, has been deprived of his professorship because he gave evidence on behalf of M. Zola, and he has received an address of sympathy, signed by nearly all the professors of the Biological Society, who may be included among the "most thoughtful and upright Frenchmen." Nay, so hostile are the intellect and integrity of France to the Government on this issue that M. Méline, in his remarkable speech in the Chamber, made a special attack on the "intellectual *élite*" who had dared to demand a revision of the Dreyfus judgment. He sneered at the thoughtful and upright Frenchmen who had signed petitions, and some of whom, like M. Anatole France, had courageously testified in court to M. Zola's good faith.

But Mr. Gosse has a curious idea about the duty of a literary man. Because M. Zola has taken up "a public line of action not connected with literature, his colleagues cannot, and should not, take the responsibility of following him." Since when has an author ceased to be a citizen? "People whose business is authorship," according to Mr. Gosse, ought to have no opinions on a matter which vitally affects the public weal. A French author has a son, who serves in the army, is suspected of treason, tried in secret, condemned illegally on evidence not submitted to him or his counsel, and sent to life-long imprisonment. Ought his father to say, "If I were a politician now, or a lawyer, or a commercial man, I would do well to be angry; but as I am an author I must forget my son, and the principle of justice which is at stake, and stick to my literature"? If such a man is permitted by the ethics of authorship to remember that he is a father, ought his brother authors to stand by him, or say, "Well, this is not our affair; we have nothing to do but write books"? When Victor Hugo, a great author who was always meddling in affairs of citizenship, was an exile, did English authors—Mr. Swinburne, for example—refrain from expressing their sympathy because Victor Hugo's quarrel with the Second Empire had nothing to do with the "business of authorship"?

When a country like France, for which most of us have a profound admiration and even affection, is for a while untrue to what we believe to be the principles of justice and humanity, who has a better right than the author—the minister of culture, the propagator of ideas—to appeal to the better sense of the French people? If Mr. Gosse's theory were practised with severe logic, no author would venture to write about any country save his own. What would Taine have said if we had told him that his notes on our literature and institutions—notes which afforded us much diversion and no little enlightenment—were impertinent? What would Mr. Courtenay Bodley say if the French critics were to tell him that his "France" is an intolerable piece of foreign presumption? Why, he actually asserts that Parliamentary institutions are totally unsuited to the genius of the French nation! What an outrage on the self-respecting Chamber of Deputies! What a breach of Mr. Gosse's "good manners"! Worse than that, Mr. Bodley, in a passage so vividly apt that it might have been written the day after the Zola trial, remarks that Frenchmen have no such detestation for a foreign enemy as they have for other Frenchmen. Here is the canker which the passions of the Revolution have left in the body and soul of

France; the canker which is personified by Henri Rochefort. But what business has an English author to point this out? Away with him!

Oddly enough, Mark Twain is guilty of the same offence towards the Parliament of that strange miscellany of racial and religious prejudices, the Austrian Empire. Happening to be in Vienna when the Reichsrath was diverting itself with obstruction, Mark Twain spent many blissful hours in the gallery, carefully noting the demeanour of the combatants, and keeping a record of their beautiful idioms. You will find these matters set forth in *Harper's Magazine* by an observer without malice, but with a remarkably acute and accurate perception, which, as this world goes, is commonly supposed to be malicious. When Hamlet remarks to Polonius that a certain writer shows how old men have grey beards, and how their eyes purge thick amber and plum-tree gum, he admits that, although he is of the same opinion, he holds it not honest to have it thus set down. Here, you see, Shakspeare anticipated Mr. Gosse! Thoughtful and upright Austrians (if there is such a being in strict ethnology as an Austrian) may be furious with Mark Twain for remorselessly quoting the epithets which hurtled through the Reichsrath. They were mostly employed by Christian gentlemen—that is to say, by gentlemen who were anxious to emphasise their Christianity in the presence of Jews.

Was Shakspeare a Jew-hater? He did not live in a time which was rich in toleration, and it is probable that the early impersonators of Shylock made him a sort of comic ogre to tickle the groundlings. But there is something more in Shylock than the monster who demands his pound of flesh, and is robbed of his ducats and his daughter, to the complete satisfaction of all the Christians in the play. Sir Henry Irving is sometimes charged with having infused into Shylock an undue measure of the modern spirit. His justification is in the text. Shakspeare drew a Jew whose ferocity is sustained by Christian example and by zeal to "better the instruction." If Burbage made Shylock a comic figure, Irving has infinitely more warrant for making him a tragic figure. There is no drollery in the famous appeal: "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" It must be admitted that the logic of Shylock has not been appreciated by the fanatical Anti-Semites of France.

An Irish member has framed a Bill to remove one of the worst disabilities ever inflicted upon a free people. Mr. MacAleese will invite Parliament to enable persons of Irish birth or nationality to adorn their surnames with the prefix "O" or "Mac." This is to be done after formal notice to the Home Secretary in England and the Chief Secretary in Ireland. Here we see the blighting spirit of compromise. Why should not an Irishman embellish himself with "O" or "Mac" without spending a penny on a formal intimation to Mr. Gerald Balfour? What is liberty if you have to contribute a stamp to the Exchequer when you hang your hat, so to speak, on a patriotic prefix? But injustice is not confined to Ireland and the Irish. In England you cannot change your name without the Home Secretary's permission. You have to submit the new surname for his approval, and if it be so original that nobody has ever used it before, he will veto it. You will go through all the formalities to the tune of twenty pounds, only to find that your new name is a dangerous precedent incompatible with the safety of the State! This ought to suggest to some Irishman the joy of compounding a name out of various historic and rebellious elements, and defying the Government to prevent him from assuming it.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"The defence is more worthy of respect than the prosecution!" exclaimed Berryer during a memorable political trial; and on another occasion he thundered from the rostrum of the Chamber of Deputies: "There is something more precious than the respect due to the magistracy, and that is the liberty of the citizen." I must leave the reader to ponder these two sentences in connection with the Zola trial, comment upon them being absolutely out of the question in this column. I may, however, be permitted to point out that such expressions of semi-veiled contempt for the Bench on the part of eminent members of the Bar are by no means singular in the annals of French procedure, and that they are rarely, if ever, the outcome of a sudden and spontaneous ebullition of temper of counsel for the accused. The sentiment that calls them forth is more deep-seated than that. It is the general consciousness of the French Bar of the intellectual inferiority of the French Bench. These two parts of the French judicial mechanism are inherently antagonistic to each other.

As a rule an English judge is, if not the superior, at any rate the equal, in intellect, forensic knowledge, and experience, of the most eminent counsel practising in his Court. He, himself, has won his spurs as a pleader; the elevation to a high judicial office of an obscure or even comparatively

unknown Q.C., let alone of a barrister who has not "worn silk" being almost phenomenal. There are, as far as I know, no French judges who ever held a brief either as juniors or principals. They are recruited while very young from a quasi-hereditary caste, the members of which intermarry largely, and who stand more conspicuously aloof from the rest of the world than priests. As early as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the elders of certain families which laid claim to the title of "noblesse de robe" chose the profession of a barrister, leaving the magistracy to the younger. Antoine Loisel, the celebrated jurist of the sixteenth century, left the Bench for the Bar, feeling that his talents were being wasted, although he belonged to the "standing" magistrature and not to the "seated," and the former even then commanded a little more estimation from the Bar than the latter, which small modicum has constantly dwindled in our days.

Bonaventure de Fourcroy, the poet-barrister and famous orator, and the friend of Molière, on being asked by a judge what he intended doing with his son, answered, "If he have talent, I shall make a barrister of him; if not, I must needs let him be a judge." Clément de l'Averdy, the same who was guillotined in 1793, on being admonished for lack of respect by a President of Parliament, and being reminded that the Court had admitted his son within its ranks, observed pointedly; "M. le Président, I should not have allowed him to sit down if I had considered him strong enough to remain standing." All this is as absolutely true now as it was one and two centuries ago. Jules Favre, Crémieux, Lachaud, Demange, and others have puzzled judges in the Correctional and Assize Courts by expounding the law in terms so far above the judges' comprehension that the latter felt compelled to retire suddenly to their consulting-room, which hasty retreat did not prevent them from returning in a short time with a judgment condemning the defendant on all points, though they took care not to make the slightest allusion to the knotty questions raised by the learned counsel.

Between the "seated magistracy" too often steeped in dense ignorance of the higher points of the law and arrogant in virtue of their secured position, between that "seated magistracy" and the truly learned counsel there is the "standing magistracy"; in other words, the Public Prosecutors, among whom now and again one meets with men of great parts, but who in nine cases out of ten have been induced to leave the independent branch of the profession by special and private reasons. Sooner or later, though, they return with glee to their original vocation, being tired of enacting the buffer to pompous time-servers. This was notably the case with the elder Dupin, who was President of the Chamber on the day of the *Coup d'Etat* (1851), although he himself was neither *sans peur* nor *sans reproche* in the most literal sense. But the highest prize of the French *Parquet—Anglicé*, the Treasury's prosecution department—is a miserable pittance compared with the income of even a moderately busy barrister, apart from the fact that the "standing magistrate" is not like the "sitting one"—irremovable—and is therefore at the mercy of every new Administration. The immediate result of this insecurity prevents the barrister conscious of his own powers from attempting to enter the ranks of the *Ministère Publique*; if aware of his mediocrity, he will strain every nerve for promotion to the Bench. Such promotion, he knows, can only come to him as a reward for a successful prosecution in a *cause célèbre*, by preference a political one. With talent of the highest order pitted against him in such a trial, he can only fall back upon bombast accentuated with impertinence, strong in the knowledge that the judge will not stop him, as, under similar circumstances, he would stop counsel for the defence.

There are, of course, exceptions, but they are so rare as to impress themselves indelibly upon a man with a fair memory. Personally, I only recollect two. The first is connected with Pierre Ambroise Plougoum, whom readers may remember as one of the defenders of "the four sergeants of La Rochelle," and who subsequently became Advocate-General, in which capacity he prosecuted Avril and Fieschi for their attempt upon the life of Louis Philippe. Perhaps his recollection of an independent barrister prompted him to act as he did. At any rate, in a trial for murder in which the presumptions against the accused were positively overwhelming, Plougoum, after a masterly speech for the prosecution, finding that the defence was conducted by a young and inexperienced counsel who lost his head, rose with deep emotion, saying, "I am not an instrument to prosecute, but a representative of the law. The law does not allow an accused to be judged without having a complete defence to rely upon." And there and then he pointed out the flaws in his previous argument and raised a doubt in the minds of the jury.

Glandaz (Justin Antoine), who must not be confounded with his elder brother, and who also left the Bar for a Public Prosecution, did the same on one occasion. But the traditions of the Bench became finally too strong for him, and in the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for killing Victor Noir, he was far from maintaining the impartiality of former days. It has often been said that a deputy who becomes a senator is no longer the same man. I refrain from pointing the change between a Procureur-Général and a President of the High Court.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PARLIAMENT.

Not less notable than the Irish Local Government Bill is the scheme of Army reform introduced by Mr. Brodrick. This does not go far enough to please all the critics who have been hammering at the War Office for years; but it makes so many changes that the military authorities must feel considerably shaken up. The Army is to be increased by 25,000 men, and it is hoped that the difficulty commonly experienced in obtaining recruits will be conquered by the new inducements to enlist. The soldier's shilling a day will be paid in full instead of being docked one-fourth. Deferred pay is abolished. A certain number of infantrymen will have special advantages with a view to emergencies that may occur in the early years of their service. The Artillery is to be increased by fifteen batteries, and reorganised apart from the general system of War-Office control. The term of service, which varies now, is to be so far extended that a soldier may enlist for twelve years instead of six. The Government undertake to provide employment for a large number of Army Reserve men, who, on quitting the colours, too often find themselves without work. The Militia are to be engaged for general services when they are so disposed. The bureaucratic character of the War Office is to be modified in various ways. Mr. Brodrick believes that the effect of all these changes will be such a remarkable increase in the strength and elasticity of the military forces that in three years the country will be able to put three Army Corps in the field. This view is considered too sanguine by some critics, but it is admitted that striking concessions have been made by the Government to the agitation which has been carried on with such skill and pertinacity. A debate on the Chinese question evoked a soothing statement from Mr. Curzon, who denied the existence of the Cassini Convention, by which China was said to have virtually placed herself under Russian protection.

PRINCE OF WALES
AT FINSBURY.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, visited the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company, of which he is Captain-General, to unveil a portrait of Lord Colville of Culross, who forty years ago was its Colonel. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted to the Drill Hall of this the oldest Volunteer corps in the country by Lieutenant-Colonel the Earl of Denbigh, and the many visitors included, besides, the Earl and Countess Carrington, Mr. A. Cope (the painter of the portrait), and Lord Colville of Culross himself, with whom were his wife and many members of his family. The portrait was unveiled by the Princess; and a number of speeches followed, including one from the Prince, who said that ever since he was a boy he had known Lord Colville, who had entered the Queen's Household in 1852, "and I can assure you," he added, "that the feelings we entertain for Lord Colville are not less cordial than those entertained by this Honourable Artillery Company." Lord Colville, in a speech of hearty thanks for the honour done him by his old comrades and their new recruits, said he would continue as long as he lived to take the liveliest interest in the welfare of the Company.

GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

The great army of adventurers now on the way or about to set forth for the latter-day El Dorado of the Yukon gold-fields will doubtless take fresh heart from the favourable reports which have induced the American War Department to abandon, as altogether unnecessary, its projected Klondike Relief Expedition. The Secretary for War has, it seems, requested that Congress should empower the War Department to devote to some other cause the large supplies accumulated to cope with the expected starvation at the gold-fields. The reason for this divergence from the original scheme is found in the latest news from the Yukon, officially accredited by the Canadian Minister of the Interior, to the effect that there is no prospect of any such extremity in the district at present, nor likely to be, in view of the large amount of provisions now being carried thither by successive parties of gold-seekers. The news is good news, for it shows that the first scare about the horrors of destitution has begotten a salutary prudence among the hordes of voyagers now in search of fortune. It is to be hoped that the many more who will come after will exercise a like discretion.

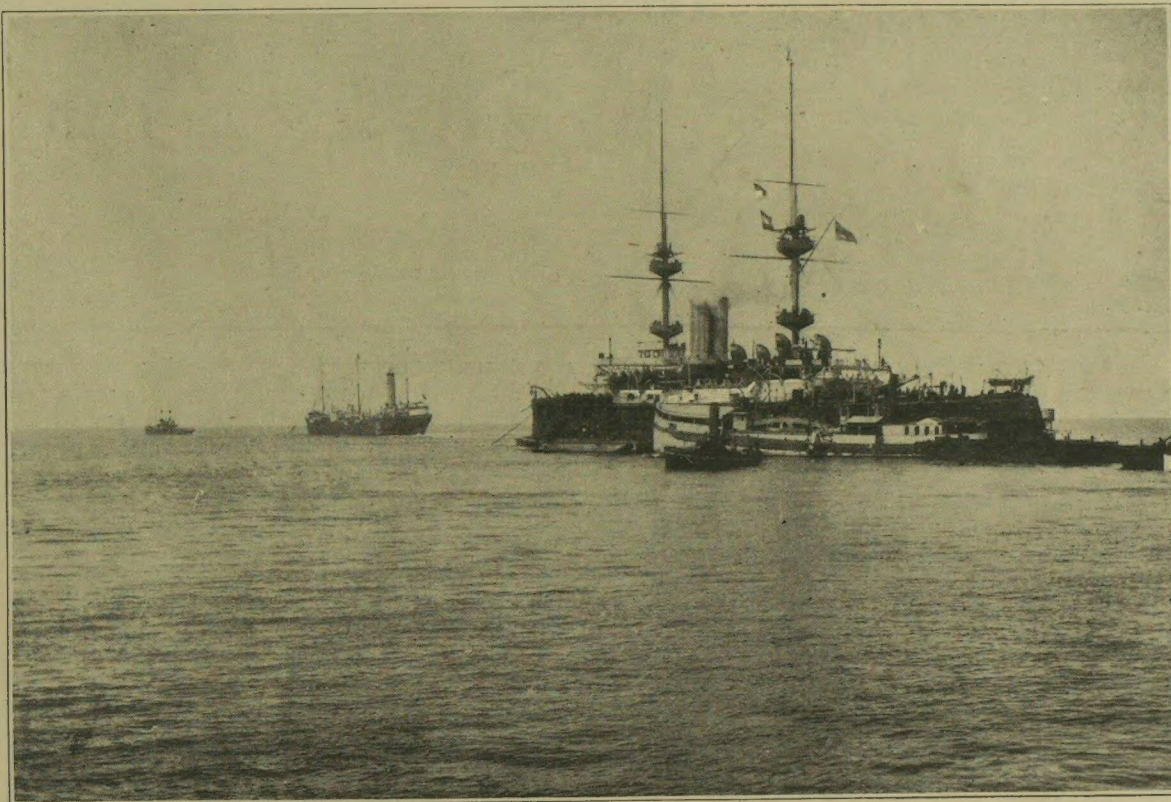
THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

There have lately been signs and rumours of an intention of the hostile forces of the Khalifa to move eastward from their positions at Metemneh and Shendy on the Nile below Khartoum, and to attack the most advanced posts of the Egyptian army on the Atbara, if not to venture an attack on Berber. General Sir Herbert Kitchener, however, now much strengthened by the arrival

of the fresh British troops conducted by General Gatacre, appears quite ready to oppose any force of the enemy likely to come forward against him. The 1st Battalion of Seaforth Highlanders went up from Egypt last week; the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Lancashire Regiment arrived at Alexandria on Monday. As proof of the insecure dominion of the Khalifa in the White Nile region beyond Khartoum, messengers from the tribes of Kordofan have been sent to Slatin Pasha at Assouan, declaring their wish to return to the rule of the Khedive of Egypt. But much severe fighting is to be expected before the Mahdist usurpation can be overthrown at Omdurman, and the reconquest of Khartoum is not practicable earlier than the month of August or September, on account of the state of the river.

THE GROUNDING OF H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS."

According to the more detailed accounts which we have received since the grounding of H.M.S. *Victorious* was chronicled in our columns, it appears that the battle-ship was trying to make the entrance to the harbour during a strong westerly gale, but was set by a strong current imperceptibly to eastward of the entrance, where she touched the ground and at once became unmanageable. There she grounded, not bumping or sustaining any injury beyond losing two anchors, which were buoyed and therefore recoverable. The sea at the time was too heavy for the necessary lightening, and the following day nothing could be done to unburden the ship, as no lighters could be taken alongside on account of the heavy swell. Early in the morning of the next day but one lighters were brought alongside, and the discharging of coal and ammunition began immediately. In the meantime the tank-steamer *Pecten* and the Canal Company's tug were engaged in towing as shown in the photograph here reproduced. On the Thursday evening, the third day after the disaster, the *Victorious* after having discharged 600



H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS" AGROUND OFF PORT SAID.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. J. Guérin.

tons of coal and almost all her ammunition, was got off, but unfortunately she had hardly made three hundred yards headway when she grounded again, and remained so all night. Then next morning towing was resumed, and she was at last towed out of her place and taken into deep water. The next day she came into Port Said with her own engines quite uninjured, and without serious damage either to her bottom, screws, or machinery, and afterwards started for Suez, en route for Chinese waters. The subsequent court-martial reprimanded the Captain and Staff-Commander of the vessel.

SEIZURE OF ARMS OFF MUSCAT.

The seizure of the steam-ship *Baluchistan* off Muscat in January last by the British gun-boat *Lapwing*, and the confiscation of her cargo of arms and ammunition, formed an incident of more than ordinary importance in view of the still recent disturbances in the territory adjacent to the Persian Gulf; and the illustrations which we publish this week from sketches by the medical officer of the *Lapwing* will, therefore, be of interest. It will be remembered that the *Baluchistan* had shipped in the Thames a quantity of powder and rifles, brought from St. Petersburg professedly as part of the supplies for a Mission to the Abyssinian Court. This cargo was called in question before the *Baluchistan* left the Thames, and part of the powder was detained. At Newport, where the vessel put in for coal, a further quantity of rifles and powder was disembarked owing to the interference of the London authorities, and the *Baluchistan* then sailed for the Red Sea, her owners, Messrs. Strick and Co., holding a regular traffic between London and the Red Sea and Persian Gulf ports. The disaffected state of the country inland from the Persian Gulf had meanwhile led to the maintenance of a close look-out by the British and Persian authorities upon any contraband traffic in arms to Persian ports, with the result that the *Baluchistan*, however blameless the original meaning of her cargo, was seized off Muscat, and the rifles and ammunition were promptly confiscated.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"22A, CURZON STREET," AT THE GARRICK.

The postponement of the new play, "22A, Curzon Street," at the Garrick Theatre enabled our Artist to make his drawing last week, but precludes our noticing the play—which was produced on March 2—at length until next week. The play is interesting as coming (partly) from the pen of Mr. Brandon Thomas, the author of "Charley's Aunt," and also on account of the strong cast, which includes Miss Lottie Venne (as leading lady), Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Fanny Brough (as the villain), Mr. Arthur Bouchier (as lead), and Mr. Martin Harvey. The farce idea of the piece consists in Mrs. Featherstone's (Miss Lottie Venne) London house being sold by the caretaker (Miss Fanny Brough) and her husband, the ticket-of-leave man Piddock (Mr. Herbert Sparling), to Sir Patrick Neville (Mr. Bouchier). Mrs. Featherstone comes up from the country and thinks Sir Patrick (who is in love with her) has called on a visit, while he believes that Mrs. Featherstone is the visitor.

"THE WHITE KNIGHT," AT TERRY'S.

If without prejudice we may read the signs of the times, we seem already in the midst of a dramatic reaction in favour of Robertsonian sentiment. The problem-play, admittedly, is as dead as a door-nail, and the romantic revival may well have had its day with the close of the run of "The Little Minister." By way of substitute, along with a very welcome spell of Shakspearean reproduction, we are condemned to a resuscitation of the "teacup and saucer" craze. Even Mr. Pinero has not escaped the taint in "Trelawny of the Wells." What wonder, then, that Mr. Stuart Ogilvie should have written round that droll comedian, Mr. Edward Terry, a sentimental comedy which relies for its appeal on mawkish pathos, antiquated humour, and mechanical characterisation! Any actuality "The White Knight" may be imagined to possess

is derived from a representation of the fortunes of a limited liability company which takes up the patents of a dreamy inventor and passes through the various phases of depression, panic, and final re-establishment. The play employs some of the stock-characters of melodrama—our old friend the villain, this time an intriguing director who overreaches his trustful friend, the inventor, and that constant ally of the villain, the fascinating adventuress, who is in this case the White Knight's ward. Its humours, moreover, are of the obvious, exaggerated, and not too delicate pattern. It was probably the interpretation which secured for "The White Knight" its favourable reception last week at Terry's; certainly the author was admirably served by his company. Mr. Edward Terry, whose return to town is very welcome, has never before exploited his quaint personality to such delightful advantage. In his delirious mirth and in his serious emotion he was equally irresistible, and no less important a factor in the play's

success was the charming widow of Miss Kate Korke, as arch and tender a sketch of true womanliness as this sympathetic actress has ever given us. Thanks, too, to the clever pantomime and emotional sincerity of Miss Esmé Beringer, and the unexaggerated plausibility of Mr. W. L. Abingdon, the ordinarily tedious rôles of adventuress and villain were lent quite an air of interesting novelty.

THE WEST AFRICAN QUESTION.

It is satisfactory to feel assured that the Foreign and Colonial Offices both of the British and of the French Governments have long been furnished with the most precise information that could be obtained respecting the "Hinterlands," or interior tracts of back country, lying behind the different European settlements on the coast along the shores of the Bight of Benin. Since the positive disavowal by M. Hanotaux, in his interview with Sir Edmund Monson last week, of the rumoured French movements at Argungu and Jegga, to the east of the Niger in the native kingdom of Sokoto, the remaining questionable acts to be complained of belong chiefly to territorial claims west of that river and north of the ninth degree of latitude, in Borgu and Gambara, the validity of which, in the view of the British Government and of the Royal Niger Company, was established by the international treaty of 1890. The interpretation and application of that treaty is the main subject of discussion. It should, of course, depend upon the result of those negotiations or upon whatever agreement may be arrived at in the views of the two Governments on that matter of controversy, whether the detachments of native African troops under command of French officers at Nikki and Boussa will be required to withdraw, and what sort of apology is due to us for an unwarrantable act of a French officer in calling for the removal of the British flag at Borea. It is possible that the similar affair which took place a fortnight earlier at Wa, in the Hinterland of the British Ashanti Protectorate, may also be explained away by fuller accounts of the proceeding, if the French Government is animated by a conciliatory and equitable disposition like our own.

"22A, CURZON STREET," THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



ACT I.—MR. AND MRS. PIDDOCK (MR. HERBERT SPARLING AND MISS FANNY BROUGH)
PLOTING TO SWINDLE MRS. FEATHERSTONE.



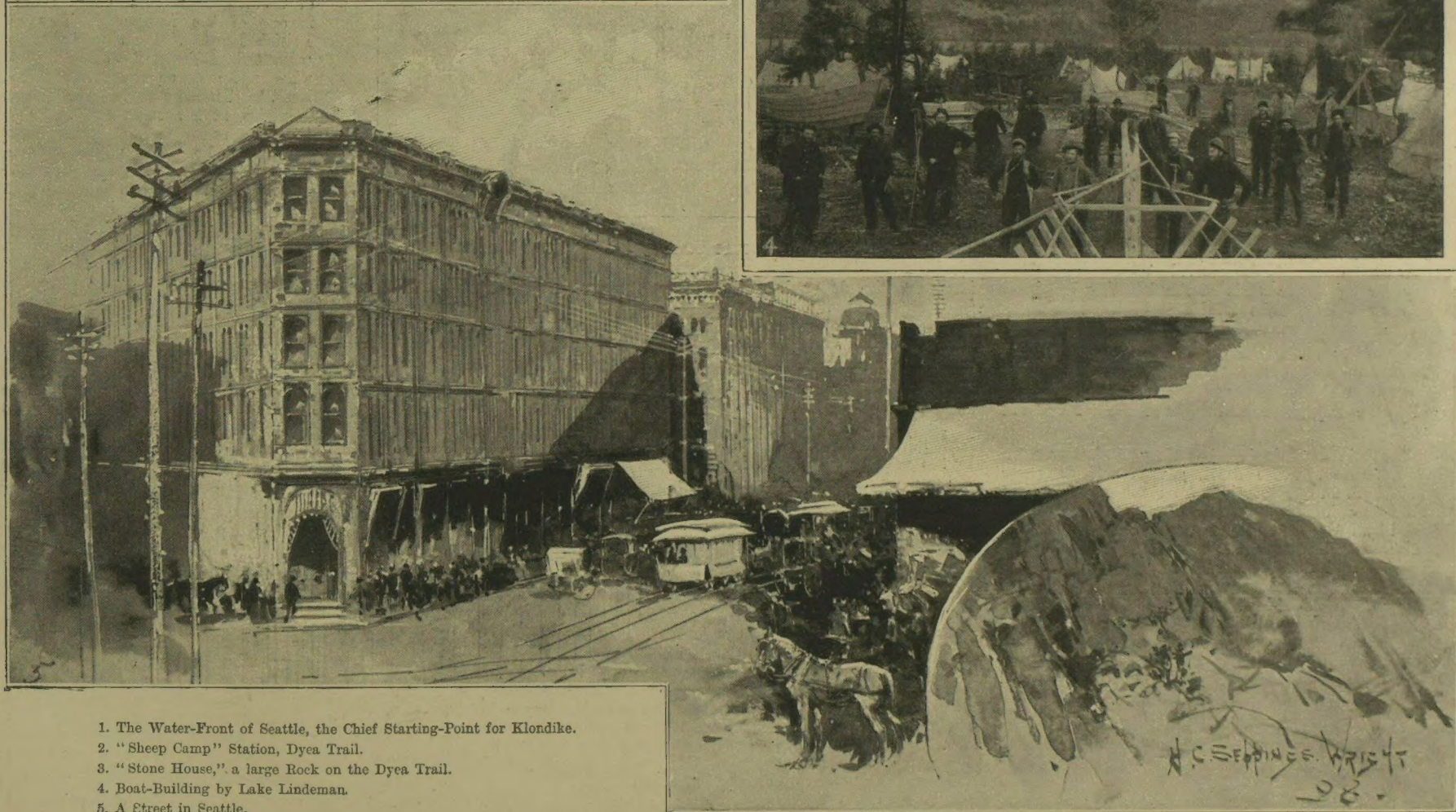
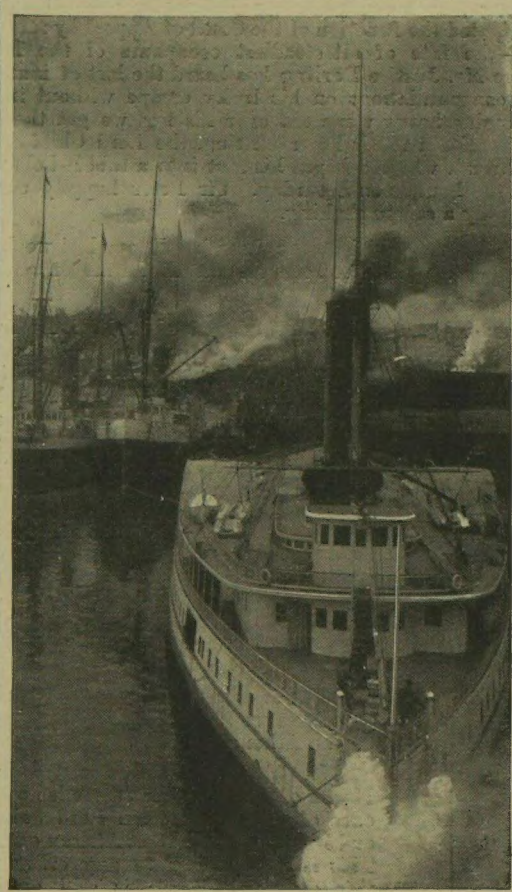
ACT I.—MR. PIDDOCK, EX-CONVICT, CALMLY RELIEVING MRS. FEATHERSTONE
(MISS LOTTIE VENNE) OF HER JEWELS.



COLONEL SIR PATRICK NEVILLE (MR. A. BOURCHIER). MRS. FEATHERSTONE (MISS LOTTIE VENNE).

MARY PIDDOCK (MISS FANNY BROUGH). WILLIAM PIDDOCK (MR. HERBERT SPARLING).

ACT III.—THE PLOT ENDS IN MRS. FEATHERSTONE'S TOWN HOUSE; THE PIDDOCKS DISCOVERED BUT PARDONED.



1. The Water-Front of Seattle, the Chief Starting-Point for Klondike.
2. "Sheep Camp" Station, Dyea Trail.
3. "Stone House," a large Rock on the Dyea Trail.
4. Boat-Building by Lake Lindeman.
5. A Street in Seattle.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Mr. A. C. Warner, Seattle.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen held the first Drawing-Room of the season at Buckingham Palace on Friday, and returned from London to Windsor on Saturday, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. On Monday her Majesty received a deputation of the Ladies' Working Guild, and decorated Lieutenant Lord Fincastle, 16th Lancers, with the Victoria Cross.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday visited the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company at the Armoury House in Finsbury. His Royal Highness, with the Duchess of York, left England for the Riviera on Tuesday; the Princess of Wales has gone to Sandringham.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Hampstead Home Hospital, Parliament Hill, on Saturday, for the ceremony of dedicating two additional beds for patients furnished by a subscription in honour of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign.

Stepney, the seat vacated by the death of Mr. Wootton-Isaacson, is likely to be contested by Major W. Evans Gordon, Conservative, Mr. W. C. Steadman, Radical Liberal, and Dr. Barnardo, the well-known religious philanthropist, as an Independent Liberal Unionist.

The elections in the metropolitan parishes and districts of new members of the London Council were decided by the polls taken on Thursday, March 3. Many local meetings have taken place during the past week. On March 1, at St. James's Hall, Lord Rosebery addressed an overflowing meeting of the Progressive party with reference to these elections. The nominations had taken place on Feb. 24, showing that there would be contests in every one of the fifty-seven local divisions of London.

An inquest has been held upon the disaster of Feb. 22, at Wells, on the Norfolk coast, where five seamen of the Coastguard, and six of a boat's crew of H.M. gun-boat *Alarm*, were drowned by the upsetting of their boats in a heavy sea on the beach. The verdict was accidental death.

On Friday afternoon of last week the Young Men's Christian Association new Club Buildings in Glasgow were formally opened by Lord Overton. A large and distinguished company assembled in the drawing-room of the club, and after a welcome had been extended by the chairman, the guests and members inspected the premises, and before leaving the building had afternoon tea in the dining-hall. The new edifice, of which we give an illustration, forms one of the handsomest piles of buildings in Glasgow. The block has a frontage of 300 ft. in Bothwell Street, and is about 100 ft. in depth. It is built of freestone, and is as substantial as it is effective. The central part was erected in 1878, and has been the home of the Y.M.C.A. for the past twenty years, and the centre of a large and most successful work. The new eastern wing contains the Bible Training Institute, and affords accommodation for a hundred young men and fifty young women, who are being trained for home and foreign missionary work. This department is under the auspices of the United Evangelistic Association. The new wing on the west is occupied by the club, which aims at providing a home for young men engaged in business in the City. Here are no less than one hundred and ninety-four bed-rooms and large sitting, study, and smoking rooms. The bed-rooms vary in prices from five to twelve shillings a week, and residents have the run of the house and take their meals à la carte. The club has been floated as a limited liability company, but the money for the other parts of the building has been raised by subscription. The total cost of the block has been about £90,000, exclusive of the ground, which is valued at £42,000.

A Liverpool steamer, the *Legislator*, with a cargo of sulphur and other chemicals for Central America, has been destroyed by an explosion, killing six of the officers and crew.

An attempt to assassinate King George of Greece on Saturday afternoon, while driving with his daughter Princess Marie in an open carriage from Athens to the old port of Phalerum, has excited general indignation. He was encountered by two young men with rifles, who fired eight shots at him, wounding his servant and the horses. The King, who behaved courageously, rising and standing in front of his daughter, was unhurt, as well as the Princess. Hearty demonstrations of loyalty greeted him on his return to Athens. Messages of sympathy with him and the royal family were sent by Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, and by all the Courts and Governments of Europe. One of the assassins, George Karditzis, has been arrested and confesses his crime; two other men are in custody.

Greece is to have a loan of £4,000,000, guaranteed by England, France, and Russia, to pay the war indemnity to Turkey; and a syndicate undertakes to contract for further loans.

The Chinese Empire is still endeavouring, by all concessions to Foreign Powers consistently with its safety, to meet the pressure that is put upon it from different sides. Its immediate financial difficulties, especially the need of paying the war indemnity due to Japan, are to be relieved by a loan of sixteen millions sterling—half supplied by the English Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Company, half by the German Asiatic Bank, without Government

guarantees, but with security furnished by the salt tax, the remainder of the maritime customs revenue, and the Li-Kin dues. Sir Robert Hart and Mr. Bredon are to superintend the collection of these revenues. The Yangtze-Kiang and other internal waterways of China are to be freely opened in June.

Prince Henry of Prussia with the two German war-ships for service in the Chinese seas, left Singapore on Monday last. Deer Island, or Zeito Yeito, in the harbour of Fusan, on the south coast of Korea, has been ceded to Russia by the Korean Government.

The official investigation of the cause of the terrible destruction of the *Maine*, the United States war-ship blown up in the port of Havana with the loss of nearly two hundred and fifty lives, has not hitherto afforded any proof of its having been wilfully effected by Spaniards engaged in a criminal conspiracy; while the Spanish Government and local authorities must of course be entirely free from such a foul imputation. Still, the reported facts, and the comments of naval or scientific experts in America, seem to leave much doubt whether the ship's own magazine of ammunition exploded, some part of the shells and cartridges being found not to have ignited at all, or whether a big hole was made in the ship's side or bottom from something like a torpedo being exploded against it in the water. Only the fore part of the hull was blown up, sending its fragments so high and so far that there must have been an enormous internal explosion; but it is said, on the other hand, that two of the steel armour-plates were forced inward. This most painful and mysterious affair has excited violent anger in the United States, and has



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S NEW BUILDINGS AT GLASGOW.

increased the demand of the war party for an active intervention on the side of the Cuban insurgents. But President McKinley and his Government firmly maintain a guarded pacific attitude so long as they can, and there are no signs of the immediate expectation of war, except the disturbance of monetary and commercial speculation at New York.

In British East Africa, where the Uganda Protectorate has again been menaced with internal strife and confusion by the revolt of the ex-King Mwanga, consequent upon the mutiny of the Soudanese troops, joined by a numerous band of Mohammedan rebels from Uganda, in Major Macdonald's expedition to the northward of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the latest military operations seem to be more successful. On Jan. 9 Major Macdonald was at length enabled to drive out the mutineers from Fort Lubwa, or Lubas, which they had held nearly two months with severe fighting in November and December. He obtained reinforcements both from Uganda, across the Lake, and from Mombasa, the port on the seacoast to which troops were sent from Bombay. With these he appears to have pursued the enemy into the neighbouring Uganda province of Budu, and to have prevented their junction with the forces of King Mwanga, who sought to raise an insurrection in Unyoro, on the north-east shore of Lake Albert Nyanza. We now learn that Mwanga has been defeated and put to flight, his army being entirely dispersed.

Owing to a regrettable oversight, the name of the photographer was omitted from beneath the illustration of the Shereefian steam-ship *Al Hassani*, published in our issue of Feb. 5. The photograph, which came to us through an English gentleman recently resident in Morocco, was taken by Messrs. Ritchie and Co., of Peckham Rye, while the *Al Hassani* was in Messrs. R. and H. Green's dock at Blackwall last year.

PERSONAL.

Men of law have been rather unlucky of late in riding accidents. The Lord Chief Justice of England was kept in his room in the autumn for some time in consequence of a collision with a gate-post, which crushed his thigh, and the effects of which still make themselves felt. Then Mr. Justice Darling had his accident in Belgravia, when his horse anticipated the function of the Court of Appeal by reversing him—the fate of all steadiest occupants of the Bench. Before Mr. Justice Darling has heard the last of innumerable congratulations on his lucky escape without injury, although a heavy van went over his leg, we get the news of an accident to Sir Peter O'Brien, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, whose cob put his foot into a rabbit-hole while riding to hounds on Saturday. Sir Peter happily escaped with only a severe shaking.

It was remarked at the Drawing-Room last week that the Queen wore spectacles for the first time on such an occasion.

What is an "ancient" adage? Mr. Balfour, in the House of Commons, the other night, quoted the line, "With stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain," taken from the dying speech of Talbot, the great Constable, in Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans." In doing so he referred to it as "an ancient adage," and this a member of the Athenæum Club publicly declares to be "discouraging," when it comes from a man of culture. But did Mr. Balfour really believe he was quoting from Solomon or from Homer? Scarcely. The only doubtful thing is whether "ancient" is a term applicable to a line that is a century old. Who shall decide? A mariner is "ancient" on fewer years than that; and an egg, again, has a minute standard of reckoning. Most people will think that an adage a century old may be allowed to be ancient, and yet no new cause for melancholy be launched on the Athenæum Club.

Mr. Chamberlain has stated in the House of Commons that there is no difference of opinion between Lord Salisbury and himself on the West African question. This is not a reply to any criticism in this country. There is still an eager desire abroad to pit one statesman against the other, and awful speculations arise as to what would happen to the peace of the world if Lord Salisbury were to resign and Mr. Chamberlain to take his place.

Karditzis, one of the miscreants who attempted to assassinate the King of Greece, is a member of a secret society. Nothing is known to his credit. His companion in the attack on the King was a boy who lost his nerve at the critical moment, and Karditzis throws upon him the blame of failure. Even this touch of meanness is not wanting to the portrait of the latest aspirant to the notoriety of regicide. King George's narrow escape and his personal courage in a situation much more trying to the nerves than the field of battle have raised a great wave of popular enthusiasm in Greece. Karditzis has failed as an assassin, but he has done a great service to the Greek dynasty.

Few people in England have heard of Cassius Marcellus Clay, though he is one of the implacable foes of the British Empire. He says he was once "limited Dictator" at Washington, whence he drove the "allies of England." Then he became American Minister at St. Petersburg. He boasts that he never opened a book for ten years, but he "finally drove Perfidious Albion from the seas on her combined attack upon the life of the nation." This did not satisfy his ambition, for he wanted "to make a joint movement of all the peoples who felt the heavy hand of this Robber of the Human Race." This "joint movement" makes no sign of progress, but Cassius Marcellus believes that he can "stop the commerce of England" and leave her navy to "rot in her harbours."

Sir Edward Reed, one of the highest authorities on naval construction, has expressed the opinion that the American war-ship sunk in the harbour of Havana can be raised. If this fine vessel should be restored to the United States Navy, this will be a great triumph for American engineering, and a political advantage which President McKinley ought not to be slow to appreciate.

The Duke of Manchester, who attained his majority on March 3, is half English, a quarter German, and a quarter Spanish. That is to say, his father, whom he succeeded in 1892 at the age of fifteen, was English. His grandmother, now Duchess of Devonshire, is a German, being the daughter of the Count von Alten of Hanover, while his mother is a Cuban Spaniard. The Montagus are a very old family. The first of the house to gain distinction was Sir Henry, who was made Lord Treasurer of England in 1620, and created Baron Montagu, and, later, Earl of Manchester. The fourth Earl, who espoused the cause of the House of Hanover, was raised to the Dukedom in 1719, since which date there have been nine Dukes. The present peer, who was educated at Eton, has only a sister living. His aunt is the Duchess of Hamilton.

Several timely tributes of respect have been paid to Mr. H. C. Fischer, C.M.G., on his retirement, after forty-one years of service, from the Telegraph Department of the Post Office, in which he had risen to the position of Controller of the Central Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. At an informal reception the other day, Mr. Fischer bade good-bye to his many friends, colleagues, and assistants in the service. The parting presents made to him included

silver candelabra, silver fruit-dishes, and silver cigar and vesta boxes; and there was given besides, to Mrs. Fischer, a diamond, ruby, and pearl bracelet.

Major H. S. FitzGerald, who has just been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to the 2nd Yorubas West African Field Force, and has sailed from Liverpool for the Niger, is the second son of the late Major Charles Mordaunt FitzGerald, Bengal Staff Corps, and was born in India forty-two years ago. He served through the Afghan Campaign of 1880 as Adjutant of the 15th Sikhs, and took part in the march from Cabul to Candahar under Lord Roberts. In the following year he was appointed Instructor of Musketry to the 68th Light Infantry, and in the course of another twelvemonth was promoted Captain and made Instructor in Signalling at Gibraltar. In the Egyptian Advance of 1885 he was appointed to the Staff of the Frontier Field Force; June 1885 as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, Intelligence Department, which office he held until February 1887, when he proceeded to India. He acted in various staff appointments up to 1889, and was then appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General.

Mr. George James Symons, F.R.S., whose observations of the rainfall of some forty years have been gathered from stations now numbering over three thousand, was on Saturday the recipient of the Albert Medal. Together with the Council of the Society of Arts, of which the Prince of Wales as President, he visited Marlborough House, where the bestowal of the coveted medal was made by his Royal Highness. Among others present were General Sir Owen Burne, Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Edward Birkbeck, and Sir Douglas Galton; and the news of the compliment paid to Mr. Symons will be warmly received by a large body of engineers whose labours have been assisted by the rain-lore his energy has placed within their reach.

From Bombay has come the news that Nurse McDougall has fallen a victim to the plague. The disease was caught by her during her devoted tendance of the patients she had gone out to nurse—one sufferer having a fit of coughing as she bent over the bed, which sent the dreaded contagion to her eye. Nurse McDougall has left behind her among the plague-stricken people memories of her thoughtfulness and skill which will long endure.

Mr. Frederick Wootton-Isaacson, M.P. for the Stepney Division of the Tower Hamlets, died last week after an attack of influenza, complicated by congestion of the lungs. Born in 1836, he traded first in silk, and later in coal and iron, being chairman of the Blaina Ironworks Company. His marriage, in 1857, with Elizabeth Marie Louise Jäger, the daughter of a Frankfort banker, led to his connection with the well-known dressmaking and millinery business of "Madame Louise," founded by his wife, and afterwards transformed into a company. Mr. Wootton-Isaacson, who sat in the Conservative interest in Parliament, leaves a son, who is at the Bar, and a daughter, now known as Violet, Lady Beaumont.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, the new M.P. for the Cricklade Division of Wilts, where he has beaten Lord Emllyn by a majority of 489 votes, and thus won a seat from the Unionists, is really an old Parliamentary hand. Born in 1846, the second son of the fourth Marquis of Lansdowne, he was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, where he took a first-class in classics and helped to revive football as a University sport. Though absent from the House for thirteen years, he sat from 1868 to 1885 for Colne, a constituency memorably associated with the

name of Robert Lowe. To that statesman Lord Edmond acted for three years as private secretary at the Home Office, and he afterwards served as Commissioner for the reorganisation of the European provinces of Turkey and Crete under the Berlin Treaty. Later, he served in a Gladstone Administration as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His useful experiences also include those of a Boundary Commissioner under the Local Government Act, of a National Gallery trustee, of a member of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, of a Wiltshire magistrate, and a County Council chairman.

Mr. Frederick Tennyson, who led a rather roving life, living for many years near Florence, and then in Jersey, which he felt he could never leave, finally settled, by almost geographical paradox, in Holland Villas Road, Kensington, where he died last Saturday. His elder brother, George, died in earliest infancy, and Frederick therefore was the head of his immediate family after his

his profession for some eighteen years. He was still under thirty-five at the time of his much-regretted death, but had not ridden for two seasons owing to ill-health. At the age of nineteen he rode no less than seventy-three horses to victory in one year, and in the course of 1886 his total was 121. This number he set himself to beat, and eventually did so with 128, 133, and 154, coming second to Loates more than once, and once to Cannon. Among his more notable victories were the Two Thousand Guineas on the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger on Sir Frederick Johnstone's Common, the One Thousand and the Oaks on Baron Hirsch's La Flèche, and the Eclipse Stakes on Orme.

We regret that, owing to an oversight, the photograph given in our issue of Feb. 26 as the portrait of Major Lowry Cole, was really the portrait of Major Arthur Horsman Coles, D.S.O., who recently left England for Uganda. The mistake arose from the similarity of the names of these two officers, who have both recently sailed for Africa, but are bound for different districts of that land which is so lavish in its provision of newspaper topics.

London has had a very quiet visitor this week, hardly identified in the hotel in which he stayed, in the person of Señor Don Enrique Dupuy de Lôme, the recalled Spanish Minister to the United States.

M. Clémenceau's duel with M. Drumont was ceremonious but not hazardous. The editor of the *Libre Parole* is a short-sighted man, and his antagonist, an expert shot, seems to have equalised the condition by becoming short-sighted too. M. Clémenceau knew that it would never do to make a martyr of M. Drumont.

"Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses" is practically a complete list of the firms whose telegraphic business is so important as to necessitate the registration at the Post Office of a code address. The work is compiled from official lists supplied by authority of the Postmaster-General. The use of the telegraph system is growing year by year. Last year, indeed, no less than 79,423,556 telegrams were handled by her Majesty's Post Office. This exceeds by two millions the number of paid letters which passed through the Post Office in the year when the Queen came to the throne. Mr. Sell publishes as a supplement to this useful volume a map showing in diagram how the British Empire is governed over the telegraph wires. This indicates the many reductions in the cable

tariff which have recently been made. A special feature of the work (published by Mr. Henry Sell at 167, Fleet Street, E.C.) is the issue of quarterly supplements, which are sent without further charge to subscribers, and contain all new registrations.

Those ever popular entertainers, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, have lost no time in getting into the field with an up-to-date topical and musical travesty on "Julius Caesar," the tragedy which is at present drawing large audiences to Her Majesty's Theatre. The travesty, which is entitled "Julius Tree Sir, or Her Majesty's 'Appy Little Rome," has been expressly written for the merry minstrels by Mr. H. Chance-Newton, and the lyrics have been supplied by M. Gustave Chaudoir, the musical conductor of the troupe. The skit, in a good-natured way, burlesques sundry leading points of Mr. Tree's production. Equally of course Mr. Tree himself is imitated in a friendly manner by Mr. Rex Harley, the well-known mimic having been specially engaged to play "the mashing Marc Antony." The fun is fast and furious throughout, and a very true spirit of parody, with all possible good humour, makes the skit a capital piece of fooling.

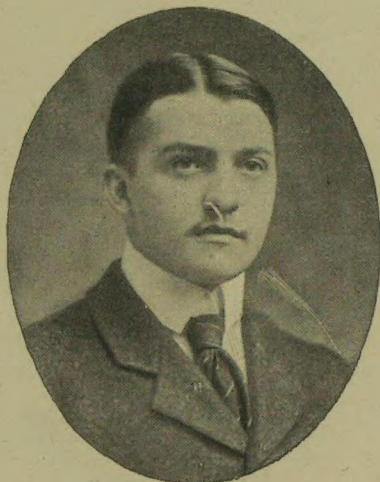


Photo Russell.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

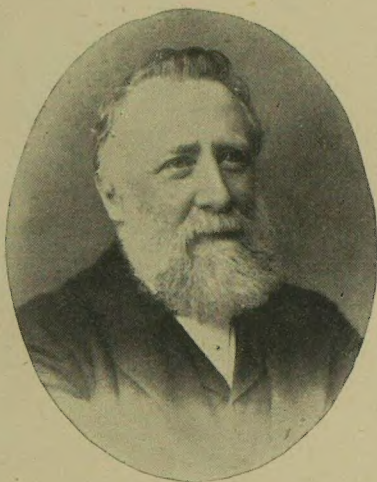


Photo Mayall.

MR. GEORGE J. SYMONS, F.R.S.

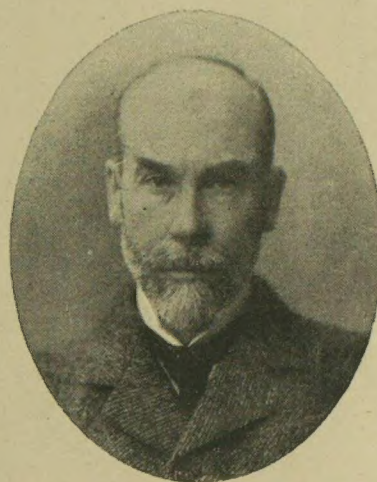


Photo Graystone Bird, Bath.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE, M.P.

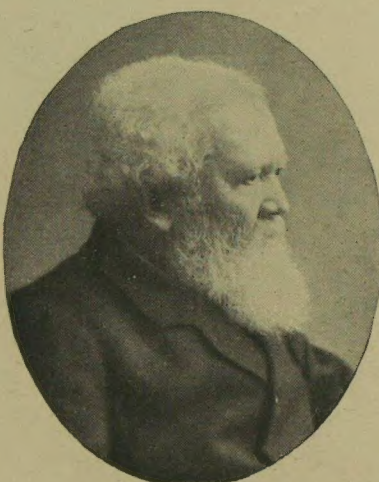


Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. H. C. FISCHER, C.M.G.



Photo Lloyd, Southport.

THE LATE NURSE MCDUGALL.

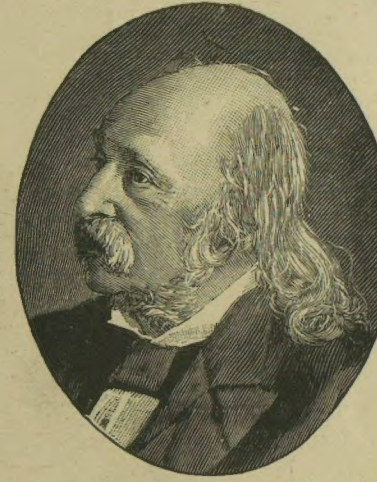
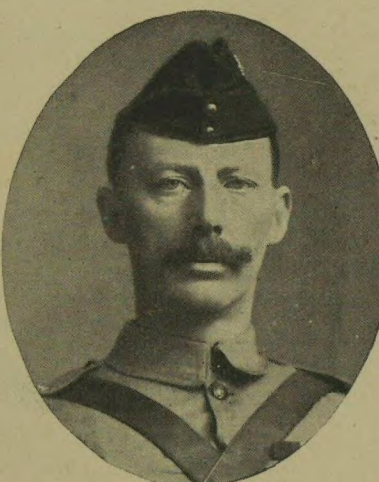


Photo Mevins, Jersey.

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK TENNYSON.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. S. FITZGERALD.

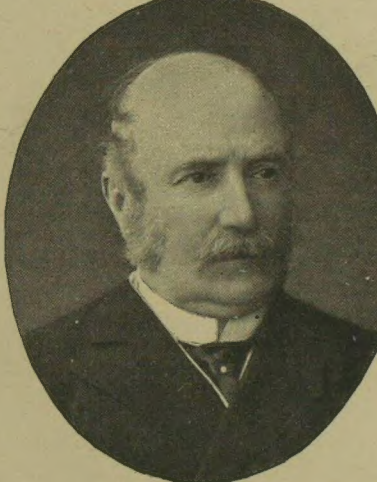


Photo Russell.

THE LATE MR. F. WOOTTON-ISAACSON, M.P.



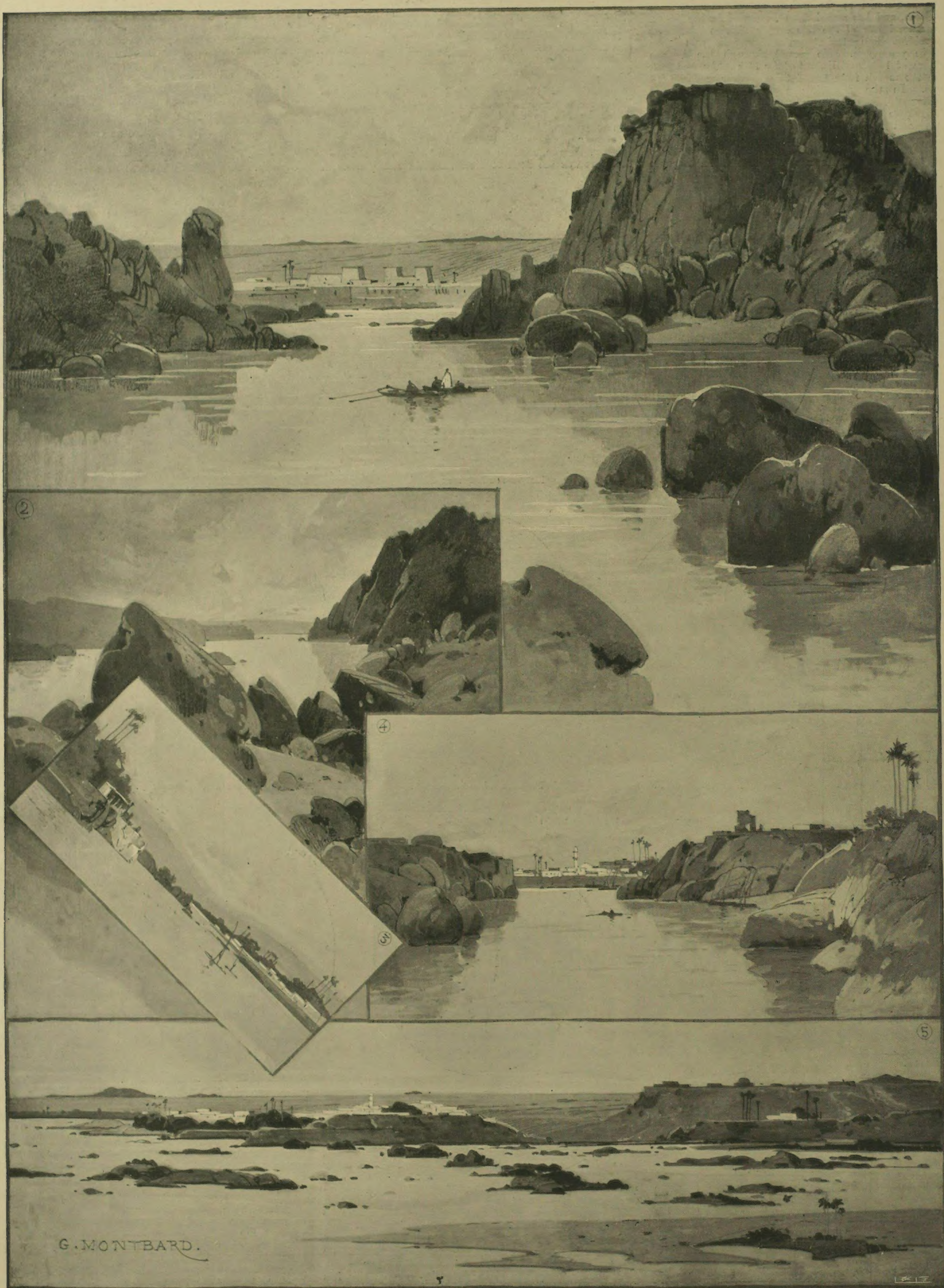
Photo Clarence Bailey, Newmarket.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

father's death, and, as such, inherited a small property at Grimsby, magnified by the daily press into "a large estate at Great Grimsby." At Eton he was captain of the school, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he took the University medal for a Greek poem on the Pyramids. To the volume of "Poems by Two Brothers"—Alfred and Charles Tennyson being thus alluded to—Frederick really contributed, though the fact was ignored on the title-page. Perhaps he never got quite full credit for his considerable powers, since they were so overshadowed by those of his illustrious brother. So lately as 1895, when he was eighty-eight years of age, he published "Poems of the Day and Year."

When Frederick Tennyson, as an Eton schoolboy, felt painfully shy on the occasion of a tea-party, his younger brother, the future Laureate, ventured to give him a piece of advice. "Think of Herschell's great star-patches," he said. That, no doubt, is a correct recipe for impressing on you your own extreme unimportance; but whether that is a consciousness which gave the shy boy more of the self-confidence he lacked is not put upon record.

George Barrett, the popular jockey, who died last week, was a brother of the late Fred Barrett, and had followed



1. Entrance to the First Cataract at Philæ.
4. Entrance to Assouan from the South.

2. The Cataract between Assouan and Philæ.
5. End of the Cataract at Assouan.

3. Entrance to Assouan from the North.

THE PROJECTED DAMS ACROSS THE NILE: VIEWS OF THE PART OF THE RIVER AFFECTED.

It seems that realisation is at last to be found for the long-projected scheme for the storage of the waters of the Nile by a system of dams forming a huge reservoir, to be built near Assouan, for irrigation purposes. The original scheme, which involved the submerging of the famous Island of Philæ for a period of each year, has been revised in consequence of the protests of the archaeological world, and the Egyptian Government has now contracted with Messrs. John Aird and Co. to construct dams at Assouan and Assyut within the next five years.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE

By
E. NESBITILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR J. BUCKLAND.

"COMPLETE rest, or your eyes will go wrong altogether? My dear Dick, Higgins knows what he's about. Be off into the country directly, like a good chap, if you want ever to set a palette again."

"I've nowhere to go," grumbled Dick.

"Go into lodgings."

"I'd rather die." Dick was in a very bad temper. When you have worked at your art by night and by day for five years, and are just beginning to hope that you may some day do something not absolutely contemptible, to be suddenly pulled up short by a mere physical failure is little short of maddening.

"I'll tell you what," said his friend slowly. "I know a place where they'd take you in. Old manor house. Good old family, fallen on evil days. They were somebody in Stuart times; stuck by the King, you know, and pulled a good bit out of the fire when Charles came back from his travels. Now they are as poor as church mice; they just farm the bit of land that's left, and sometimes they take in a boarder. Boating, fishing, and home comforts, don't you know."

"That sounds ideal," said Redmayne, with a sneer.

"There's only one thing," the other went on; "they hate artists. Mother's a revised Primitive Church Christian, though she consents to go to church, *faute de mieux*. They say some relation of hers went to the devil riding on a mahl-stick. They can't bear the name of Art. So you must leave all your litter at home, and go as a simple esquire. Good thing too—no temptation to play pranks with your eyes. I'll write to them about it. And, Dick—"

"Well?"

"Don't cry over spilt milk like a baby—rather lap it up like a cat. And don't limit yourself to milk. Take butter and eggs and new-mown hay and strawberries, and idleness and all the country luxuries, and you'll come back in the autumn as fit as a fiddle."

So Dick left his studio and its "litter" to gather dust, and went down sadly into Norfolk.

The house on the Manor Farm is a large, handsome, red-brick building, which in its hour of fallen fortune still speaks eloquently of the days when the Witheringtons kept open house, when brave cheer was cooked in the big kitchen, and many a roystering blade toasted his King and his mistress under the oak rafters of the walnut-pannelled parlour. It showed with a fine presence across the ten-acre meadow—the meadow that had been a park till the necessities of a dead-and-gone Witherington were ministered to by the last of the old timber, even the oak that Queen Elizabeth planted yielding its stout strength to buttress feebly the falling fortunes of the land where it had stood for two hundred years. It

was not till you had come close to the house that you saw how little was left it of the old affluent days. Many of the shutters were closed, because glass costs money, and the windows within, neatly mended with brown paper, were thus decently covered from the eye of the world. Paint had been long denied to shutters and door—the big, front door, once so hospitable, that was never opened now. The practicable door was at the back, where the older part of the house—unaccountably spared by the Jacobean architect—still delighted the eye with its white plaster and black timbers, its deep gables and carved bargeboards. Here Dick Redmayne received a chilly welcome, and was at once led into the apartment that was to be his. The house was very large, and many of the rooms were unused. It was easy to find the lodger a sitting-room for his own exclusive occupation.

A large, long, low parlour, wainscotted in wood, with a window at each end—a cheerful room enough, with the western sunlight lying in broad bands on the oak floor. The furniture was incongruous: a horsehair sofa, small, cheap, and hard; an armchair with an abominable angle; a set of painted chairs, covered with American cloth; a large Pembroke table, with a chenille cover; and on the narrow mantelshelf a pair of lustres, four shells, and a statuette of plaster painted a bronze colour and representing a large-headed child embracing a long-faced lamb. The wainscot was painted and grained. On the broad window-ledges were geraniums, and in the corner cupboards were books, many books—Jackson's "Commentary on the Psalms," Carter's "Words with Jesus," many tattered bibles and prayer-books, and some Sunday School prizes—"Effie's Temptation," "Winifred's Doubts," and "Emfield Manse; or the Story of a Young Christian." These last had been awarded as prizes to Martha Witherington, and Redmayne found himself speculating on the personality of this young prize-winner, for the dates in the books gave interest to the speculation. He rummaged vigorously, and was rewarded by the discovery of a thin pink volume, "Historical Tales for Young Protestants," whose flyleaf admitted that it had been a present "To Martha Witherington, on her seventh birthday. From her affectionate Mother." He turned over the pages. Poor little Martha Witherington!

Then a bell rang, and he went to join the family at tea; and there was the child who had achieved such distinction at King's Dereham Sunday School: a fair-haired girl in a pink blouse and a black skirt, who sat cutting bread-and-butter, and was presented curtly as "my daughter Martha."

The meal was rather a silent one. Mr. Witherington, a heavy, quiet man, with a twinkling eye, said little, and that little bore on the weather and the crops. Mrs.

Witherington only spoke to condemn the "goings on" at the Parish Church, where the new rector, evidently an emissary of Satan, cheaply disguised, had put a cross on his altar-cloth, and had begun to train a choir. "My daughter Martha," like a good child, spoke only when she was spoken to; but her eyes were bright, and they sparkled prettily over the bread-and-butter; and her voice was an absolute shock to Redmayne when he first heard its music in answer to the mother's sour, prim speech. Tea was brief, as well as silent, but before it was over Redmayne had perceived that "my daughter Martha" was very pretty, and that she was what is called "a lady."

II.

As the days went on, the poverty of the Witheringtons became more and more evident to their guest. He paid well for his entertainment, and good food was provided for him; and very uncomfortable it made him to eat his chops while the rest of the table fed sparingly on cold boiled pork, or bread and cheese.

"I would much rather have the same as you have, Mrs. Witherington," he ventured to say.

"I shouldn't be doing my duty to you if I gave you less," she answered stiffly, "and I shouldn't be doing my duty to *them* if I gave them more."

Then Redmayne felt hot all over, and cursed himself for touching sacred poverty with a sacrilegious hand. And after that, he ate his plain, solid food with no more murmurs. He fancied that the chops and steaks were larger after that, and the pork and the cheese less, as well as less inviting.

For the first few days "my daughter Martha" avoided him. He could not read much, and he was beginning to be very bored. So when one afternoon he saw the pink of her blouse moving through the old apple-trees in the orchard, he caught up his straw hat and followed her.

She turned on him with a little air of annoyance, quickly covered by polite interest.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked, and her tone so plainly said, "I wish to have nothing to do with you," that he almost laughed.

"Miss Witherington, I am horribly bored. I want human companionship. It would be very charitable if you would talk to me."

"Why do you come to such a dull place then?" she asked, looking straight before her. Redmayne saw his chance, and took it.

"I will tell you," he said; "but it's a secret."

"I beg your pardon." She spoke more stiffly than ever. "I have no desire to know your secrets."

He was resolved that she should look at him. And he kept silence so long that at last she did raise her eyes. Then he spoke very sadly.

"It's not a pleasant secret. It's only that I may be going blind."

"Do you mean it?"

"The doctors say so. They said I must chuck work and have a complete rest: my friend Tenterden told me your house was just the place for me. That's why I came here. That's why I'm bored."

She looked at him doubtfully. "But why a secret?"

"Ah! I've not told you the secret yet. I'm an artist, and Tenterden told me your mother—"

"I see—I see—I am very, very sorry. I will do anything I can. Would you like to fish, or shall I read to you?"

Her manner had changed utterly: it was now the manner of a nurse humouring a sick child.

"If you would read? If we could sit out under the hedge, and look over the meadow?"

"I will fetch a book at once," she answered docilely. "What shall it be? Would you like the 'Inland Voyage'?"

"Of all things," he said, though he knew it almost by heart.

But when the book was brought she read little, for they fell a-talking in the first pause, and talked till the bell called them in from the green world to the formal, meagre tea-table; there were poached eggs for Redmayne, a luxury added since his remonstrance, and for Martha her task of bread-and-butter cutting. After tea they wandered out again; and Martha took him round the poor little farm and showed him the stock, such as it was.

And now began a pleasant homely life, beautiful with all the glories of the country in June, and shot through with restless fire, because when a young man and woman, both heart-free, are together all day, when one is sad

thought, looking out from the willow shade to where the river twinkled in the sun; and among the farther shadow the yellow lilies lay like gold beads on the green gown of their leaves. "Something to remember when I am quite old and ugly."

She took the skulls.

"Come, we must be going," she sighed. He sighed too, but it was a sigh of pleasure at sight of the good world in which she was, and because she had grown so dear.

III.

The very next day he came into the kitchen. She was there, and she was crying. He made two strides to the table, where she had laid her head upon her arms, and there in two words his story was told.

"My darling!"

His arm was over her shoulders as he knelt beside her.

"My darling—what is it? What has happened?" and he laid his face against her hair.

She rose, pushing him away gently, and dried her eyes as frankly as a child.

"It's no use telling you."

"Yes it is. Come into my room."

Constance" and "Bates on Thessalonians," he came on a little heap of dingy brown books—Restoration dramatists and poets—first editions, too. And one book was "Poems by a Person of Quality," and in it was a letter—an old yellow letter—signed "your obliged friend and humble servant, Rochester." And a copy of verses, in manuscript—the same hand as the letter.

Redmayne hurried with his find to Mrs. Witherington. She was sewing severely by the kitchen window.

"Do you know, Mrs. Witherington, these books are worth a mint of money?"

Her faded eyes lighted up at the word, then the light died down in them as she saw what it was he carried.

"Oh, those!" she said. "I'm ashamed, Mr. Redmayne, that you should see them in a Christian household. I thought they were safe put away in the loft along with the pictures. The pictures are just as bad—I don't know but what they're worse, for not everyone can read, but everyone can see a picture, and Satan catches more souls by wicked pictures than by wicked words—as I know to my cost in my own family."

"Don't think me impertinent," said Redmayne, strong in his knowledge of the mortgage crisis, "but if you don't



"What do you mean by poking and prying in my attic? It's burglary, that's what it is. What do you mean by it?"

and the other takes the part of consoler as a duty, love comes home to the nest they build for him and broods there in a happy silence which, if the lovers be wise, neither hastens to have broken.

"I wish I had not been so horrid to you at first," she said one day, as they sat in the boat under the willows. "You see I did so hate our having a lodger here, and I thought all sorts of things."

"You were horrid," he said, "very horrid; that is why I don't feel any remorse for taking up your time now. It is a set-off for those five desperate days when you passed the poor worm with your chin in the air, and wouldn't even look to see if it turned."

"Don't," she said softly. "You know I didn't know. And your eyes are better, aren't they? They will be quite well by September."

She sighed, for they were nearing the end of July now, and in September this pretty little pastoral life would be over. He would go back to London, and she to the situation in the Manchester High School for which she had insisted on training—backed up by her father's common-sense against her mother's sour opposition to anything so "new-fangled." Soon it would be all over. And Manchester was farther from London than King's Dereham—seemed, indeed, much farther. But while they lasted, the days were good.

"It will be something to remember all my life," she

She let him take her hand and lead her into the big parlour.

"Now," he said, taking her other hand; "whatever it is, there's some way out of it. And—dearest, dearest, does it comfort you a little to know how much I love you?"

It seemed, when he thought of it afterwards, a shockingly egotistical speech, but Martha found no fault with it.

"It does comfort me," she said; "but it's no use. They would never let me—I mean——"

"What is the trouble?"

"Father's got to leave the farm. It's mortgaged, and they're going to foreclose. I'm going to drive Dimple over this afternoon to see the lawyer-beast. If they would give us a little time! And I hate to go."

"Why are you to go? May I come, too?"

"Because mother thinks I could talk him over. I think you'd better not come. He wanted to marry me once. I daren't tell mother that—or——"

"I see, I see. My darling, don't worry. You're not afraid of this man?"

"Afraid? He's not a villain of melodrama, only he wants his own, and there's no reason why he shouldn't claim it. But I will ask him, though I hate it. Come and help me to harness Dimple."

So Redmayne was alone that afternoon, and, bored by his unaccustomed solitude, he turned to the book cupboard, and there, cheek by jowl with "Unconverted

care for the books, why not sell them? There are lots of people who would give a hat of money for them."

"They're wicked, unclean books," she said, the ghost of a blush crossing her wrinkled cheek. "I wouldn't sell them. I ought to destroy them. I don't know why I didn't long ago. But somehow I can't bear to destroy anything. We might be short of papers for the fire, or want a leather board to mend something or other with."

And here Redmayne saw the first faint dawn of some understanding of this cold, sour woman. A long life of grinding, careful poverty, year in year out, of unending care and watchfulness against waste, all day long and every day, had taught their lesson. She could not bear to destroy anything. And what a poverty it had been, and what a watchfulness, he knew, for his sweetheart had told him. Yet neither the ache of poverty nor the weariness of watching had availed to break her spirit—the spirit that defied poverty for principle, that was strong to renounce the hope of this money—money that just now would mean so much—strong to spurn it if it came to her by a way that seemed to her a wrong way. Redmayne felt a thrill of reluctant admiration. Yet he dangled the bait before her eyes.

"More than fifty pounds, perhaps a hundred," he said; "it would pay the interest, over and over——"

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she cried, dropping her work and turning on him savagely. "And what do you know about the interest?"

She caught the books from him as he stood stupefied by the suddenness and violence of her attack.

"I've worked all my days, maid and wife; I've never had enough to wear nor enough to eat since I was a little thing. He would sow wheat, and he will sow wheat, and it's wheat that's brought us where we are. And the old furniture's gone; things that were my grandmother's, and her grandmother's before her. All the old coffers and presses, and the big settle and the fourpost-bed that Martha was born in, and now it's all no good."

She stood, trembling, the pile of books swaying in her arms.

"Sell the books," cried Redmayne. "Dear Mrs. Witherington, they won't do anyone any harm. They'll be bought by collectors, and be put in glass cases. No one will read them. Collectors don't read books."

But she was not listening. She turned and went out

Martha which made it possible for her to spend whole days alone with him.

Now he began to understand how, in that narrow life, running in the shallow groove worn by the dogged piety and hard and anxious saving, there had been little room for a mother's hopes and fears. Well, liberty had done Martha no harm, and soon he would take care of her. He was not going to give her up just because her people didn't like artists. His uncle had left him a life interest in four thousand pounds; that would do to live on. He wished he had not got into the habit of anticipating his income at a ruinous rate of interest. Yet, rather than let the Manor Farm go to the lawyer-beast, he must go a-borrowing once again. He would run up to town the very next day. This he decided as he kissed Martha and bade her good-night.

But when he was alone in his big, bare bed-room, a

them out quietly. The sun was fully risen when he undid the string and turned the first to the light. He looked long and silently, then, with fingers that trembled, undid the second. Presently the room looked like a studio—great canvases leaned against the walls. Like a studio? Like a fragment of the gallery of a Prince, for here were two Lelys, flaunting their pale, ample charms in silks and laces; a fat, fleshy Rubens; a Vandyck—Dick was sure about the others, and almost sure of this Vandyck—a gay and graceful Guido Reni, and some nymphs and boys, Francesco Albani undoubtedly.

Dick went from one to the other—touching them to make sure that he was not dreaming. He would be wise this time; he would replace the pictures; he would say nothing to Mrs. Witherington; but he would tell Martha, and she should quietly explain to her father that now he was rich, and there need be no thought of giving up the



"I wish I had not been so horrid to you at first," she said one day, as they sat in the boat under the willows.

by the open door, across the red-bricked courtyard. She dropped on her knees by the well, lifted its heavy wooden cover, and heaved the books into the dark circle. A silence, then a splash, and Mrs. Witherington rose from her knees pale and triumphant.

"There!" she said, "there's forty foot of water down there to wash them clean!" And without another word she turned and went into the house.

IV.

Martha came home with news that might have been worse. The "lawyer-beast" had not been obdurate. He had yielded at once to Miss Witherington's representations, and would wait another month. Next month seemed as far off as next century to Martha, and the lovers wandered through the orchard and down to the river, and their talk was not of mortgages. But an undercurrent of other thoughts lay beneath Redmayne's fond words. He had sometimes wondered at the sweet liberty granted to

thought came to him. What about the pictures? They might be valuable—probably were. They were certainly not modern, for no money had been to spare in that house for the buying of pictures this many a year. The artist was awake now as well as the man of affairs.

Mrs. Witherington rose early to her hard, narrow, unwearying round of saving and toiling. But next morning Redmayne rose even earlier.

The grey light of dawn fell on him as he crept slowly and patiently from step to step of the old stairs that led to the garret. He feared it was too early; he would not be able to see. But the dormer-window faced the east, and the garret was flushed with pink light. The same prim, pinched order reigned here as in the rest of the house. Bunches of herbs hung from the beams. Seed potatoes in sacks leaned against the wall. Old boxes and some broken furniture were neatly piled in one corner. In another an old bird-cage and a nursery-fender, and behind the fender, carefully packed in newspapers, half-a-dozen large canvases. It took Dick some time to get

house where since James the First's time all the Witheringtons had been born and had died. All but George, who fell at Sedgemoor—and his son, who was born on his death-day.

Redmayne picked up the Reni, and stooped for the yellow newspaper to wrap it in. But his hand was not steady, he let the corner of the picture touch the bird-cage, and it fell with traitorous clatter. He stood a moment aghast.

Then there were feet on the stairs—Mrs. Witherington's face in the door. Behind her, her husband.

"It's you, is it?" she cried. "What do you mean by poking and prying in my attic? It's burglary, that's what it is. What do you mean by it?"

"Look here," said Dick, driven to bay. "I'm awfully sorry, but I know what a hole you're in about your mortgage, and I thought, perhaps your pictures might be as valuable as your books, and so I came to look. And they are. Mr. Witherington, you've pictures here that'll sell for thousands of pounds."

"I won't have it," cried Mrs. Witherington. "I won't

have the wages of iniquity. Doesn't it say plainly enough, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is on the earth?' "

But her husband had put her gently aside.

"Do you really mean," he said, "that these things are worth money?"

"I do indeed."

"How did you know about the mortgage?" the old farmer asked suddenly.

"Martha told me."

"She'd better have held her tongue," said Martha's mother.

There was a rustle at the door, and it was Martha herself, with the sleep not quite gone from her pretty eyes.

"I couldn't help telling him, father, because he—I want—I mean, I love him—and it's a very good thing I did tell him, for now you can sell the pictures and pay off the mortgage. Oh! it seems too good to be true!"

The farmer stood looking from one to the other.

"Are you sure?" he said. "About the pictures I mean?"

"Quite sure. I am an artist, and I know."

If the announcement of the betrothal had fallen rather flat, this announcement at least met with a different reception.

"An artist!" cried Mrs. Witherington. "A worker of iniquity. You sha'n't marry my daughter. And the works of sin shall be burned!"

"Nothing of the sort," said the farmer heavily. "When I put my foot down I mean it, and that you know. I don't often have my own way—"

"What about the wheat?" interrupted his wife.

"I don't often make a fuss about having my own way, but I'll have it now. Mr. Redmayne, I thank you from my heart for what you've done, and it'll save me from what I couldn't have borne, and lived—leaving the old place. And if you'll see about selling them for me I'll be your grateful debtor. They'd cheat me as likely as not, for I don't know about pictures like I do about—"

"About wheat," said Mrs. Witherington scornfully.

"About farm produce. And as for Martha, you've saved the house, and I'm hanged if you sha'n't have the girl. And that's my last word, Emma, and don't let's have another word from you. You've got to put up with it. So make the best of it, and hold your tongue and be thankful you've got a roof to hold it under."

Mrs. Witherington went down without a word. During breakfast she was not more than usually taciturn. And after breakfast she came into Dick's parlour, and stood fingering the lustres on the mantelshelf till she set them tinkling tremulously. Redmayne had risen and came over to her, and now he saw that large tears were slowly falling from her faded cheeks upon her narrow bosom.

"Dear Mrs. Witherington," he said, "do forgive me. Indeed, I did it for the best. And as for the other, no one could ever love your Martha better than I do."

"It's not that," she sobbed, and she took the hand he held out and clasped it between hers—between the work-worn thin hands with the shiny knuckles. "It's not that, but I can't help thanking God we're not going to leave the old house. And yet I know it's wrong. It's the wages of sin."

"It isn't the wages of *your* sin, anyway," said Dick, a little bitterly. "You did your best."

"Yes," she answered "it's my William's sin. But perhaps the Lord will find it in His mercy to forgive him."

SEAFARING VETERANS.

Ships, like horses, work hard during a comparatively short life, and, to complete the analogy, both as a rule end their days at the knacker's, though the breakers-up of ships are not so styled. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and ships, as well as horses, occasionally attain quite a respectable old age in some secluded spot, where they enjoy a quiet existence until they finally succumb to the inevitable. The brigantine *Hannah*, of Yarmouth, that went ashore on the Norfolk coast recently and became a total wreck when her useful existence was brought to a close, was still in harness: she was one hundred and four years old, and was believed to be the oldest collier afloat.

The *Grampus* and the *Foudroyant*, two of the few remaining examples of Britain's "Hearts of Oak" have also quite recently fallen victims to old age. The former craft, a fourth-rate wooden vessel launched in 1784, and consequently 113 years old, was, with the exception of the good old *Victory*, the *doyen* of the British Navy, and took part in Lord Howe's famous victory off Ushant in 1794; latterly she has been used as a powder-hulk at Portsmouth. The latter history of the *Foudroyant*, Nelson's flag-ship in 1798, will probably be fresh in the minds of our readers. Recovered in 1892 from a firm of German ship-breakers, she was taken on show from place to place until some months ago she became a total wreck at Blackpool. As fears were entertained that she might damage the pier during rough weather, she was eventually sold for £750 to a London firm to be broken up, a work which the storm of Nov. 28 last completed.

A German contemporary, the *Kieler Zeitung*, recently notified the arrival at the Port of Kiel of the Danish sailing-vessel *De Tre Søstere*, that had come through the North Sea and the

Baltic Canal with a cargo of linseed cakes. As the ship was constructed a hundred and twenty-five years ago (in 1772) at Rudkjobing, is still perfectly seaworthy, does not leak, and is a model for easy navigation to all sailing-vessels, she is a splendid witness to the durability of wood as a shipbuilding fabric.

The American *Victory* is the United States frigate *Constitution*, celebrated in Holmes's poem "Old Ironsides": perhaps her most noteworthy achievement was the taking of the British frigate *Java* in 1812. Her centenary has recently been celebrated at Boston, U.S.A., where she was constructed; in honour of the occasion she received considerable attention from the repairers in view of having her years considerably prolonged. Considering the amount of rough usage she received from our ships in her youth, it is nothing short of marvellous that she has attained so ripe an old age.



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.—BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

"And you'll forgive me?" said Dick.

"Martha tells me your eyes are weak; so perhaps you'll have to give it up," she answered, with some return to cheerfulness.

Here Dick ventured a bold stroke. He laid his hand on the thin shoulder and kissed the withered cheek.

"You'll be my mother now," he said. "My own mother is dead."

Then the hard woman broke down altogether, and when Martha peeped in two minutes later she found her mother sobbing on her lover's shoulder, and heard the piteous broken words—

"You know what William said—about not being able to live away from the place. God forgive me!—if we'd had to go I should have died too—I should have died too!"

THE END.

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THE SEIZURE OF ARMS OFF THE PERSIAN COAST.

From Sketches by Mr. Bernard Ley, Surgeon, H.M.S. "Lapwing."



G. MONTBAY

English Consulate. American Consulate. Sultan's Palace.
MUSCAT HARBOUR, AT THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH THE "BALUCHISTAN" WAS STOPPED.



H.M.S. "LAPWING" FIRING A GUN ACROSS THE BOWS OF THE STEAM-SHIP "BALUCHISTAN," ONE OF THE VESSELS ENGAGED IN THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS
FROM EUROPE TO THE PERSIAN GULF.

LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S NEW BOOK.

Professor Max Müller tells us that when Dr. Neander, the eminent historian, was ordered to Carlsbad, he decided to alternate doses of the waters with huge chunks of Patristic theology. Lord Macaulay, it may be remembered, chose the same light and exciting literature when he sailed for India. We are glad that the Professor's "conscience," as he tells us, forbade him to burden himself with the "Sacred Books of the East" when seeking rest by the coast. When his letters were answered and the daily paper read, he took pen in hand, and from the archives of memory transcribed in my a bright and bracing passage of a long and interesting life, now given to the world under the genial title of *Auld Lang Syne*. (Longmans, Green, and Co.) A procession of notable people defiles across these genial, gossipy pages. Early in life the Professor knew Liszt and Mendelssohn, and had a moment's introduction to Heine, who "lifted one of his paralysed eyelids with his hand to look" at him. A story is told of Dean Stanley, who had no ear for music, but who was moved by the magic song of Jenny Lind, and to this might have been added amusing examples of the little Dean's lack of palate, but none the less wholesale consumption of the choicest fruits. The Professor is old enough to remember the excitement over Floude's forgotten novel, "The Remains of Faith," and of him, as also of Browning and Ruskin, we have vivid portraits. Sometimes, as when narrating talks with Matthew Arnold, we feel that the reports are scarcely illuminative, and when the Professor devotes a long paragraph to speculation on the causes which led to Arnold's omission of reference to the "three Lord Shaftesburys," as illustrating the doctrine of the Trinity, in the later issues of "Literature and Dogma" he has overlooked the explanation given by Arnold himself therein—that the retention of the personal name had given unintended pain to an excellent man. Kingsley, in his brave fight against narrow means and narrow minds, comes out well in the Professor's portraiture; and there are revealed some strong human features in Tennyson's character for which vain search would be made in the recent biography. The Professor's attitude towards Darwin's theory remains unchanged, but on this, and on other debateable matters, he now and again dilates without advantage to the class of readers for whom his chatty book is intended. "High Life and Low Life," in "Recollections of Royalties" and sketches of the various species of the genus "beggar," fill the later chapters. The Professor has basked in the smiles of English and German Courts; he keeps among his treasures a sixpence which he won from the Prince of Wales at whist, an incident which evidently did not recall to his mind Calverley's poem on the precious cherry-stones which a loyal lady snatched from his Royal Highness's plate as a souvenir!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Reminiscences of a Bashi-Bazouk. By Edward Vizehely. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)
The Tenth Island. By Beckles Willson. (Grant Richards.)
Marriage Customs in Many Lands. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A. (Seeley and Co.)
Rambles in Polynesia. By Sundowner. (European Mail.)

Although the events chronicled by Mr. Vizehely in his "Reminiscences of a Bashi-Bazouk" are now a good twenty years on their way towards the realm of ancient history, they cannot be said to partake of the deadness with which it is sometimes credited. The author tells how, weary of Fleet Street and all its works, he sought the East at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War, craving for adventure and variety, which he found in abundance. Mr. Vizehely went without definite commission, but made his way to the seat of war, in Asia Minor, by enlisting in a regiment of Bashi-Bazouks, in whose choice company he saw many men and several, if not many, cities. Before Kars the author was appointed correspondent to the *Standard*, and sent home thrilling accounts of the defence of that fortress. His chief comrades at that time were Gaston Lemay and O'Donovan, the stories he has to tell of the latter gallant and ill-fated correspondent giving added interest and value to the present work. From cover to cover the book is racy, and if the style is occasionally loose, the humour, variety, and charm of the narrative, with its insight into the Oriental character and its graphic pictures of well-known men, tend to cover such evidences of haste. Still, "like a whipper-in lashes a wandering hound" does not help an otherwise adequate comparison. There are one or two orthographic blunders, too, which the printer's reader might have saved.

Mr. Beckles Willson evidently does not share the opinion of the literary little girl who objected to "read preface." For preface—or "foreword," as he calls it—he holds so sacred that he will not trust himself with the writing of it. His "Tenth Island," which, by the way, is not a Jules Verne romance, but "an Account of Newfoundland," comes to us bearing on its front a letter from Rudyard Kipling and a "foreword" by Sir William Vallance Whiteway, K.C.M.G. Nor is this all the distinguished aid the book has received. "Backing," as it were, as well as "fronting," is manifest in an appendix by Lord Charles Beresford on Newfoundland and a Naval Reserve. In Newfoundland Mr. Beckles Willson sees hope of a valuable auxiliary to our Navy, and advocates the formation of such an arm, although he modestly says "it

is not to be expected that the Admiralty will adopt this suggestion immediately." Lord Charles Beresford cautiously points out that the first move must come from Newfoundland itself. He would advise the acceptance of any voluntary offer, but even then would regard it merely as supplementary. The book tells a great deal about an interesting and too little-known island. It is far from dull, and often suggestive, even where the author does not quite see the logical conclusion of his own words. For example, his use of "fish" for "fishermen," on page 5, leads to a droll inference; the golden age of fishermen being, we venture to submit, anything but "the golden age of fish." Happily, however, Mr. Beckles Willson can enliven his careful and observant pages with other humour than the unintentional—now and then.

The perennially interesting subject of marriage, especially that side of it which deals with curious ceremonial, is presented once more in the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's "Marriage Customs in Many Lands." The author makes no pretension to exhaustive treatment, for that, as he observes, would fill many volumes, but he gives an entertaining account of representative customs from nearly every land under the sun—from India, China,



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXVII.—THE RIGHT HON. PROFESSOR FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER, LL.D., D.C.L.

Professor Max Müller, whose interesting volume of reminiscences is reviewed in these columns, is the only son of the poet Wilhelm Müller, and was born at Dessau, in Germany, in 1823. Educated at the public schools of Dessau and Leipzig, and at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin, he turned his attention early in his career to the study of comparative philology. In 1844 he published his first book, a translation of Sanskrit Fables, known collectively as "The Hitopadesa." The collating of the "Rig-Veda" manuscripts brought him to England two years later, and a further term of two years found him settled at Oxford. The first volume of his edition of the "Rig-Veda" appeared in 1849, and five years later he was appointed Tylorian Professor of Modern Languages at Oxford. When the University founded a new Professorship of Comparative Philology he was made the first Professor by the statute, and his numerous publications and lectures have since led to his general recognition as the leading authority on a peculiarly wide range of ethnological, philological, and philosophical questions. His two most popular works are perhaps "Essays on the Science of Language" and "Chips from a German Workshop."

Japan, Persia and Arabia, Australasia, Melanesia, Polynesia, Russia, Scandinavia, Poland, and many others. These are drawn, not so much from first-hand observation as from printed works, so that the book must take rank as a compilation. As such, however, it is a good one. Among the amusing customs chronicled, one of the strangest is that in vogue among the Hervey Islanders, where the bridegroom walks over his bride's tribesmen, who accommodately lie face downwards for the operation. The line of prone kinsmen must extend from the bride's house to that of the bridegroom, and if there are not enough, those already trodden upon must run on ahead and lie down again as many times as may be necessary. The ceremony is reciprocal, the bride, a few days after, doing the same by her husband's kinsmen. This quaint observance, by the way, is the subject of one of the many fine illustrations which enrich the book.

"Rambles in Polynesia," by "Sundowner," calls for little remark. The "stories," as the author calls them, are neither stories nor sketches, and although their cheerful slanginess amuses for a time, the inevitable ultimate effect is that of the formless and void. The collection reminds one more than anything of the home letters of a certain type of young man abroad. The amateur guillotine might have been a good short story or a good sketch, but unfortunately it is neither. The *raison d'être* of the book is not obvious.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The *Manchester Guardian*, which, although brilliantly conducted in its political and social aspects, always seems to me to be singularly dull and unintelligent in its literary pages—except where occasionally enlivened by a suggestion of feminine spitefulness—insists that the memorial to Mr. George Meredith on his seventieth birthday was not a legitimate topic for newspaper discussion. To this there is the obvious reply that the memorial in question was sent round to the newspapers by its projectors on the very morning that it reached Mr. Meredith, and, as a matter of fact, was in the printers' hands before it was in the hands of the distinguished writer to whom it was meant to give pleasure. After all, the only criticism that has been made upon the testimonial is one of wellnigh universal sympathy with its general tenor. Mr. Meredith takes rank in all circles to-day as our greatest living novelist, and so much has he stimulated our minds that thousands who have never seen him feel for him a strong personal affection, such as Carlyle excited while he was alive. At the same time, Mr. Meredith, I am sure, would hardly sympathise with those who, in one or two of our journals, praised him at the expense of novelists who are gone; one extravagant and not very critical writer, indeed, having declared that he had the making in him of a dozen George Eliots.

While there was a universal feeling of contentment that some distinguished men in England, intimate friends of Mr. Meredith, should acknowledge their sense of his greatness and their personal affection for him in this way, the fact that the signatories in question had sent the memorial to the newspapers entitled those newspapers to criticise. It was perfectly legitimate, therefore, for someone to say that this testimonial might have been more gracefully written. This feeling found expression in a very brilliant article in the last issue of the *Speaker*. It was also open for those who knew that Mr. Meredith had had to fight against a great deal of prejudice and "block-headedness" in his earlier days to recall some of the names of those who had praised him well at a time when praise must have been of value. There were, as a matter of fact, only three omitted names, so far as I know, which one would willingly have seen attached to this memorial—the names of Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Grant Allen, and Mr. Edward Clodd. Mr. Henley has written the most brilliant of all existing essays upon Mr. Meredith's novels, the one published in his "Views and Reviews"; Mr. Grant Allen, in that delightfully extravagant manner of his—which, after all, makes more impression than the more judicial type of criticism—has told the public again and again that "Richard Feverel" is the finest novel in the world; while Mr. Edward Clodd, always a charming writer and a man of great literary and scientific attainments, is well known to be one of Mr. Meredith's intimate personal friends.

The fine Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's writings, which will reach its twenty-seventh volume in a few weeks with "St. Ives," will then find its conclusion, apart from a little book of miscellaneous fragments, which will be presented to the subscribers at the same time. There is, however, a probability that the number of volumes in this handsome series will be made up to thirty, for those who elect to subscribe for them. This will be secured by the publication of the "Life and Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Professor Sidney Colvin, in three volumes, the *Life* occupying one volume and the *Letters* two others. The *Life*, of course, will be published in two forms simultaneously—the one form for subscribers to the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's writings, and the other for the general public. The charm with which Mr. Colvin has invested his biography of Lander leads one to believe that his Stevenson will be a most beautiful and artistic work.

The *Literary World* of Boston reviews Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "French Revolution," assuming that it is from the pen of the elder Mr. Justin McCarthy. In "The History of Our Own Times," it says, "we had the personal impressions of a brilliant mind." The critic then goes on to regret the falling-off in the writer's later book.

Among the most interesting items I find in the second-hand booksellers' catalogue this week are the offer by Mr. Dobell, of Mr. George Meredith's poems of 1851 for £20, and the offer of the Newstead Abbey set of Byron's works, by Mr. Spencer, of Oxford Street, for £40. This is the set of the poems which was collected by Colonel Wadman, Byron's successor at Newstead Abbey.

Most people in this country have heard of Kilkenny only in its association with cats, but the Irish town in question is, it seems, to obtain some measure of fame in future by the possession of a journal with a marked literary note, the *Kilkenny Moderator*. Mr. Standish O'Grady, the well-known novelist, is now the editor of that journal. He has among his contributors Mr. W. B. Yeats and other men of letters. Mr. T. W. Rolleston, the author of a "Life of Lessing" and other scholarly books, writes a literary letter to the *Moderator* every week.

In Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's latest "Notes from a Diary," is this remark of Lord Beaconsfield's: "The forms of nonsense have changed in this generation. There was a young man here the other day who told me that what he admired most in Byron was his character." C. K. S.

THE TRIAL OF M. ZOLA.

The "honour of the army" continued to be the almost unvarying formula put forward by the witnesses for the prosecution of M. Zola. General de Pellieux and General de Boisdeffre made up for their constant refusals to

authorities had been imposed upon by forgeries, why not a few French officers? The Generals would admit of no such pleas.

All the same, the evidence has gone to show that some reconsideration of the Dreyfus and the Esterhazy trials is urgently needed. The "secret document," withheld from Dreyfus, is admitted to have influenced his judges, and that secrecy makes their decision informal. Dreyfus, then, has not been legally condemned, and that, after all, was M. Zola's point, although he expressed it a little brusquely. The proceedings in court reached a culminating pitch of interest when M. Zola delivered, or rather read, his address in defence. "I affirm," he cried, "that the army is dishonoured by those who mingle cries of *Vive l'Armée!* with those of *A bas les Juifs* and *Vive Esterhazy!*"

When the last day of the trial came, dense masses of people collected along the Seine and nearly blocked the

in Court—" *Vive l'Armée!*" " *Vive la France!*" " *A bas Zola!*" That last cry provoked a retort from the condemned man: "You are cannibals!" Then the Court pronounced judgment: a year's imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. The imprisonment, one hastens to add, is not one of extreme austerity. It allows of



M. ZOLA.

answer questions concerning Dreyfus by an extraordinary desire to deliver little appeals to patriotism—such patriotism consisting in a willingness to accept as infallible the decisions of the military tribunals. In vain did Colonel Picquart assert that he did not dispute the honour of the Court-martial, but only its competence. If other great



PRESIDENT DELEGORGUE.

approaches to the Palais de Justice. The populace of Paris, against Zola from the beginning, got more and more impatient with his defenders as the day of judgment drew on. His witnesses, his sympathisers, and his eloquent and handsome advocate, M. Labori, were hustled and hooted; while a soldier's uniform was cheered as if the valour of the army, and not the administration of justice, had been in question. Even inside the Court, and during the closing speech of M. Labori, there were interrupting cries of "Death to the Jews!" M. Clémenceau, following M. Labori, addressed the Court on behalf of the proprietor of the *Aurore*, the paper in which Zola's "J'accuse" letter was published. He described the conduct of the Generals at the bar of that Court as a menace to the jury—their threat to resign as an intimidation to the country. It was in the midst of hubbub that the jury retired, but their return was made amid a silence as of death. The foreman rose, his hand upon his heart, and in clear tones announced the verdict of "Guilty" against Zola and his publisher on all counts. Shouts of triumph went up



MAJOR ESTERHAZY.

daily visits from Madame Zola, and of a contract with a restaurant-keeper hard by. The dismissal of Colonel Picquart and the disgrace visited on other official witnesses for the defence have followed the verdict, in accordance, no doubt, with the popular feeling in Paris, though without any approving consent of onlookers from other lands.



M. LABORI, COUNSEL FOR M. ZOLA.



ADVOCATE-GENERAL VAN CASSEL.



THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Later news regarding the sea-serpent story, to which I referred in my last week's article, appears to place the recital in the light of a practical joke. The local correspondent of the *Scotsman* has been making inquiries at Aberdeen, and finds that no vessel named the *Dart* entered that port as alleged in the account of the adventure, while it is a matter of grave doubt whether any sloop bearing the name in question hails from Dundee at all. The account from which I quoted is alleged to have been simply handed in at a newspaper office in Aberdeen and published without verification. The names of the narrator, captain, and crew, are of course pure inventions, if the above statement regarding the source of the narrative be correct. The harbour-master at Aberdeen is confident on the point that the *Dart* is non-existent, and he should certainly know if such a vessel entered within his jurisdiction. There is evidently somebody in Aberdeen who does not "joke w' difficulty," but with uncommon ease. Still it is a poor form of "wit" when all is said and done, this counterfeiting of a sea-serpent story. All I can say is that the fabricator of the narrative sailed very closely to details such as occur in the recitals of those who have witnessed the appearances of the "Great Unknown" of the deep. The verisimilitude to actual narratives of fact made the tale bear the imprint of truth, and whatever credit the inventor can claim for the construction of a sea-serpent story of likely kind he is well entitled to receive. I trust he is eminently recompensed for his little joke. Happily, beyond all nonsensical and silly attempts to burlesque the recitals of those who go down to the sea in ships, we have at hand a very solid body of testimony regarding the appearance of huge marine organisms, such as no ridicule can affect.

A correspondent sends me a cutting from a Carlisle newspaper, in which an accident that occurred to an elderly lady is described. The lady, who had set off to drive to Carlisle from her farm, was found walking about a quarter of a mile from her home, with the whip in her hand, the horse and trap being some distance away. The neighbour who found the lady spoke to her, and, having assisted her into the trap, she drove into Carlisle. Not feeling very well, the lady returned home earlier than usual; and on her doctor being summoned in the course of the succeeding night, she was discovered to be suffering from concussion of the brain, resulting presumably from a fall from her conveyance. The peculiar feature of the case to which my correspondent calls attention is the absolute loss of memory of the period extending from the time the lady left her home to her arrival in Carlisle. She had no recollection even of meeting the neighbour who assisted her into the trap. This lapse of memory for events just preceding concussion of the brain is very common, and I have alluded to the subject more than once in these pages. The registration and fixation of ideas in the brain evidently demands a certain period of time, and if, during this period, the natural course of cerebral events is disturbed by concussion, the preservation of our memories is not effected. It is as if the negatives of the mental photographer were broken or blurred beyond repair through the effects of the accident, and as if their fixation and permanency were rendered hopeless and impossible.

The question of the efficiency of filters is happily becoming more and more prominent, as the public are taught the real facts concerning this mode of attempting to ensure the domestic purification of water. Since I last wrote on this subject in this column, I have received numerous letters from correspondents, mostly expressing surprise that the ordinary filter (which is a useless apparatus for purifying water, and often a dangerous one to boot) should still be lauded to the skies by its makers as a perfect means for obviating the attack of the diseases (notably typhoid fever) which we are liable to acquire from drinking polluted water. The makers of the ordinary filters are tradesmen who have a perfect right to crack up the quality of their wares, but when the public begin to know what science has to declare as the truth about filters, the common filter-makers will find their occupation gone. In answer to several correspondents who appear to have missed seeing my remarks on this subject, I repeat that the ordinary charcoal, or other filters of common type, are worse than useless for water filtration, if by that term we mean to imply, as is only natural, the complete removal from the water of all forms of germ-life. Experiment has shown that in some cases, after passing through ordinary filters, the water contained more microbes than before filtration.

In the course of an exhaustive series of experiments on the relative merits of filters, it was found that the field filters supplied to the Army Medical Service were utterly ineffective—so much so, indeed, that when they had been used to purify contaminated water, they actually continued for a certain time afterwards to discharge disease-microbes into the filtered water. It is pointed out that in a country like India, where the risks of infection from dysentery are many, the results of bad filtration of water may be (and are) very serious. It is a matter of scientific certainty that only certain types of filter can be depended upon for the removal from water of the microbes which find their habitat in that fluid, and so long as the public will use filters of the common kind, so long will they incur risk of disease from drinking impure water under circumstances in which filtration is necessary. The types of filter which alone can be depended on for the removal from water of its germ-life are those constructed on the plan illustrated by the Pasteur-Chamberland apparatus.

In some respects our Colonies represent an advance in the matter of sanitation on the state of affairs existent at home. I see that into the New Zealand Legislature, a Bill has been introduced with the view of providing for the prevention of the importation of tuberculosis (in plain language, consumption) into the island. The masters of vessels are specially noted in the Bill as being the individuals concerned in the bringing of infected passengers to New Zealand. Whether the Bill will pass or not, I cannot conjecture, but evidently the spirit of sanitation is abroad.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. BARTON (Egremont).—Did you enclose a problem? We have one in handwriting similar to yours, with no author's name upon it.

W. BIDDLE.—We think the problem very neat, and hope to find it correct. It cannot, however, appear for some time.

J. WILLCOCK (Chester).—Letter and enclosure received with thanks.

JAMES CLARK (Chester).—Problems for publication should have solutions in full accompanying the diagram.

L. W. T.—We have already pointed out that the continuation to the defence of Q to R 6th is 2. Kt to Q 5th (dis. ch), and mate must take place next move.

S. K. N. K. (Bombay).—Your problem shall be examined. In reference to No. 2801 you have fallen into a trap that has caught many solvers, for it cannot be solved by your suggested move.

A. W. DANIEL.—It shall be examined.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—We trust we shall find the new problem sound. We particularly want it so.

F. BARCLAY.—We cannot tell you. Write to the secretary of the club you mention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2806 received from Percy Charles (New York), F. R. Bray (Natal), and J. L. B. (Paris); of No. 2808 from Neilson (Tollcross) and J. L. B.; of No. 2809 from George Stillington Johnson, G. Lill (Grimsley), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), C. E. H. (Clifton), Barbara H. (Bologna), D. Newton (Lisbon), D. H. Clarke (Uppingham), F. R. Gittens (Birmingham), E. G. Boys, Miss D. Gregson, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Trial, and G. Everitt.

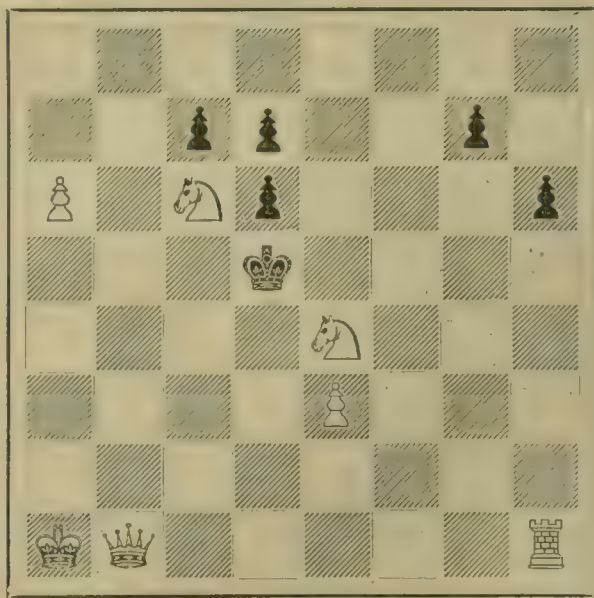
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2810 received from Julia Short (Exeter), J. Lake Ralph (Purley), C. E. H. (Clifton), C. M. O. (Buxton), E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), J. F. Moon, Hereward, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Brian H. ley, J. Hall, G. Everitt, G. Hawkins (Camberwell), Julius Richter (Brunn), J. Paul Taylor, Joseph V. Semiky (Prague), R. Winters (Canterbury), J. Bailey (Newark), H. Le Jeune, Shadforth, T. Roberts (Hackney), J. H. J. (Tamworth), E. St. Clair Harrett, J. G. Lord (Castleton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Birnbach (Berlin), F. Lester, W. Martin, T. G. (Ware), James Hodgson (Barrow-in-Furness), E. G. Boys, Edith Corser (Reigate), A. E. McClintock (Kingston), James Oliver, C. E. Perugini, Dr. Shaw, L. Desanges, Hermit, F. L. Dobee (Tisbury), C. M. A. B., F. J. Candy (Norwood), W. R. B. (Clifton), M. Hobhouse, S. Davis (Leicester), M. A. Pyre (Folkestone), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Miss D. Gregson, F. R. Gittens, H. S. Brandreth (Algiers), Francis Barton (Egremont), F. Hooper (Putney), Dr. F. St. (Camberwell), and C. Ubicini (Bologna).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2809.—By A. W. MORGREDIEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 7th Q takes Q (ch)
2. B to B 6th (dis. ch) K moves
3. R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2812.—By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the championship tourney between Messrs. W. WARD and H. W. TRENCIARD.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

| | | | |
|---|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) | WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | After this advance, Black's weakness on the King's side is more apparent. | |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K rd | 15. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 16. R to B 2nd | Q to B 2nd |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd | P to B 3rd | It was, perhaps, better to retire on the King's side. Black now leaves White at liberty to get his Queen well posted. | |
| 5. B to B 4th | B to Q 3rd | 17. Kt to K 5th | B to Q 2nd |
| It is not considered good to offer this exchange, seeing that the Bishop is useful for Black's defence. | | 18. Q to Q 2nd | R to K 2nd |
| 6. B takes B | Q takes B | 19. Q to Kt 5th | K to t 2nd |
| 7. P to K 3rd | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 20. Kt to K 2nd | Q R to K sq |
| 8. R to B sq | Castles | 21. Kt to B 4th | Kt to K 5th |
| 9. B to Q 3rd | R to K sq | 22. R takes Kt | P takes R |
| 10. Castles | P to K Kt 3rd | 23. Kt to R 5th (ch) | K to R sq |
| The intention being to advance P to K 4th, but Black must first guard against B takes P (ch). | | 24. Kt to B 6th | |
| 11. P to K 4th | P takes K P | It appears as if 24. Q to B 6th, K to Kt sq; 25. Kt to Kt 4th, wins at once, but the play of White is also effective. | |
| 12. B takes P | Kt takes B | 25. Kt takes P (ch) | P takes Kt |
| 13. Kt takes Kt | Q to B 5th | 26. Q to R 6th (ch) | Resigns. |
| 14. R to K sq. | P to K B 4th | | |

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played in the Congress at Auckland between Messrs. R. J. BARNES and J. EDWARDS.
(Falkbeer Counter Gambit.)

| | | | |
|---|-----------------|---|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. E.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. E.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | Well played, because now Q takes B is answered by Q to Q 7th (ch), etc. | |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P to Q 4th | 11. R to Q sq | |
| 3. P takes Q P | P to K 5th | This loses the exchange or move, and then White has no game left. | |
| 4. P to Q 3rd | Q takes P | 12. Q takes Q | Q takes R (ch) |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to Q Kt 5th | 13. K takes B | Kt to B 7th (ch) |
| 6. Q to K 2nd | B to Q Kt 5th | 14. K to K 2nd | Kt takes R |
| There are several objections to this move, one being the fact that King and Queen are now in line. | | 15. K to B 3rd | Kr to B 3rd |
| 7. P to Q R 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 16. B to Q 3rd | K R to h sq |
| This, combined as it is with B to Kt 2nd, is a fatal error of judgment. It is most desirable to gain time and not force the pace. B to Q 2nd is better. | | 17. Kt to K 2nd | Q R to K 2nd |
| 8. P takes B | B takes Kt (ch) | 18. P to Kt 4th | Q R to K sq |
| 9. B to Kt 2nd | Kt to Kt 5th | 19. B to Q B sq | P to K Kt 4th |
| 10. P takes R | Kt takes P | 20. B to Q 2nd | P takes P |
| | | 21. Kt to Q 4th | Kt to K 4th (ch) |
| | | 22. K to Kt 2nd | Kt takes B |
| | | 23. P takes Kt | R to K 7th (ch) |
| | | | White resigns. |

The death is announced of Mr. C. A. Gilberg, the celebrated American composer. He issued a very beautifully printed collection of his compositions some years ago, and he edited several important chess publications, besides which he had one of the finest chess libraries in the world. His loss will be greatly felt in American chess circles.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Symes Thompson, Gresham Professor of Medicine, has been lecturing at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, on medical missionaries. He said that he was distressed to see the medicine-chest that was given to every missionary sent out from the Church Missionary Society. He had doubts about putting drugs into the hands of those who could not know how to use them. He argued that qualified medical missionaries should be sent out, and that doctors going out to the tropics ought to know about tropical life and tropical hygiene.

The Rev. R. C. Fillingham, the well-known Radical clergyman, has allied himself with Mr. Kensit in the battle against ritual. He has written to the Bishop of London protesting against the use of the Asperges at St. Alban's, Holborn. Mr. Fillingham's first letter bears date, Jan. 31, and his second, Feb. 16, but apparently at the time of writing he had received no reply from the Bishop.

It is said of the late Bishop Billing that, in a way few Bishops have ever attempted, he took upon himself the burdens, pecuniary and other, of his clergy, and his sympathy with all who were in trouble was unflinching.

The Archdeacon of Rochdale has been appointed the next Hulsean lecturer at Cambridge. This guarantees a fresh and interesting course. Archdeacon Wilson has taken his own line in theology.

At Durham there is to be an examination for the degree of D.D., one on the Old and New Testaments, and the other on the history, doctrine, and liturgies of the Church. Hitherto the candidate has had to satisfy the Professor of Divinity with an essay on some theological subject written at the candidate's own home. The candidate was at liberty to get any amount of assistance that he himself considered to be fair.

A Professor of Divinity at Durham has been preaching on the Lord's Prayer. He pointed out in detail how destitute the prayer was of anything distinctly Christian. Indeed, there was very little doctrine of any kind in it. The extreme doctrinal simplicity of the prayer was best explained historically, that is, by considering the capacities and needs of those to whom it was first addressed.

It is said that the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, would far rather see a distinct Roman Catholic University than attempt a reconstruction of Dublin University so as to admit a Roman Catholic College on equal terms with Trinity.

The next meeting of the National Free Church Council will be held at Bristol on March 7. Many prominent ministers and laymen—including Dr. Clifford, Dr. Monro Gibson, Mr. George Cadbury, Mr. Percy Bunting, and Mr. Howard Evans—will take part; and one of the subjects is "The Relation of the Churches to the Press."

The average incomes of incumbents are highest in London district—£455. Liverpool follows with £340; Manchester, £325; Rochester, £322; Durham, £318. The rest are under £300 a year, the lowest being Sodor and Man and St. Davids, both under £170.

Miss C. M. Yonge writes to say that every one of Dr. Barnardo's children boarded out in the parish where she resides was sent after communication with the Vicar, and has attended the national school regularly, and lived with members of the Church.

The Parish Church of Great Massingham, Norfolk, has been enriched by the erection of a very effective reredos, of triptych form, in memory of the Rev. David McAnally, father of the present Rector of Great Massingham, and formerly for more than thirty years Vicar of Penge. The reredos was designed by Mr. S. P. Warren, but the painting of the three panels is the handiwork of Mr. C. Cleverly.

Lord Russell of Killowen is not quite content to take things as he finds them, if he thinks they can possibly and easily be improved. When a defendant—say, in a libel suit—pays into court a sum of money in satisfaction of his perhaps inadvertent offence, the fact is withheld from the jury. The Lord Chief Justice says that it is withheld to the injury of justice, and that a jury ought to be trusted. In one case so impressed was he with the unfairness that he ruled the jury ought to know the amount paid into court. These and other remarks of the Lord Chief Justice are directed against the bringing of unnecessary actions, the surest way of preventing those "delays of the law" of which complaints are commonly made. As the best dentists are those who extract fewest teeth, so now the highest exercise of a judge's functions may well be to relegate frivolous cases for settlement to the consulting-rooms of the Law Courts.

The British jurymen, if not always trusted as much as the Lord Chief Justice the other day said he should be, has not perhaps quite so many grievances as some people suppose. The Paris correspondent of a leading London daily paper has been lamenting that the Zola jurymen are allowed to go to their homes, affected by the passion of the streets, instead of being locked up during the trial, as they would be, he says, in England. But no jury in England is incarcerated, except in cases where the prisoner's life is at stake. And even then, one supposes, the jury might be trusted to return to their own firesides. The inconvenience of the present system was recently exposed when a jurymen ran round the corner to post a letter, with the result that the trial had to be begun afresh.

The Imperial Institute has received a serious blow. Theoretically it exists for the benefit of the Colonies. It is supposed to confer great commercial advantages on them by advertising their merchandise, and to keep them well in the sentimental eye of the public. For some time past many Colonists have shown themselves sceptical of these benefits, for which they have to pay by annual contributions to the funds of the Institute, and now Victoria has set an example to the rest of the Australian colonies by withdrawing her support. This is a plain intimation that, from the Victorian point of view, the game is not worth the candle. It remains to be seen whether the other colonies will follow suit, but in any event it is undeniable that the Imperial Institute has lost credit.

NORBURY "HERMITAGE" BURNED DOWN.

By one of life's ironies which north Surrey golfers are very far from considering "little," the charming old house at Norbury, known as "The Hermitage," has been completely destroyed by fire, just as it was assuming the transformed character of Club-house. Formerly known to fame as the rural retreat of the late Jenny Hill, the famous music-hall artist who elected to be endeared to her public as "The Vital Spark," this curious old property was lately acquired by the North Surrey Golf Club, whose work of elaborate renovation had all but completed a delightful club-house within the wooden walls of The Hermitage. The fire broke out in a new building erected for club purposes against the original structure, and by the time the fire-engines arrived from Croydon and other neighbouring stations the inflammable woodwork of the older structure was past saving.

THE NEWLY FOUND FRESCO IN FLORENCE.

The Church of the Ognissanti—also known as San Salvador—in Florence has long been a place of pilgrimage for art-loving travellers. Over its ancient door is set a lovely group by Luca della Robbia; and in the nave are two famous frescoes—one of St. Augustine by Botticelli, and the other of St. Jerome by Ghirlandajo, whose "Last Supper," in the adjoining refectory, is one of the great possessions of the world. As of Leonardo da Vinci's fresco in North Italy, "We are the shadows, that is the reality," say the generations of these monks also who pass their brief lives beneath its unfading beauties. But all these years the church has held hidden treasure in the form of a fresco placed there, some four centuries ago, by the same hand of Ghirlandajo. This discovery has an international interest other than merely artistic, for



"THE HERMITAGE," CLUB-HOUSE OF THE SURREY GOLF CLUB, DESTROYED BY FIRE.



Father of Amerigo. Amerigo Vespucci.

Mother of Amerigo.

FRESCO BY GHIRLANDAJA DISCOVERED IN THE CHURCH OF THE OGNISSANTI, FLORENCE.

the fresco presents to us Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine merchant, who accompanied Ojeda on his voyage to the Eastern coast in 1498, and described it in letters to his family at home. He is charged with what is sometimes set down to him as an act of presumption—the insertion of "Tierra de Amerigo" in his maps. Anyhow, his name clings to the land which was to owe to Columbus its more formal discovery. There is nothing presumptuous about the manner of Amerigo in the newly uncovered fresco. He and his father and his uncle—a Dominican and a friend of Savonarola—and other male relatives, appear in one group; and in another the women of the family, depicted with a grace, yet with an austerity, that Botticelli himself could scarce surpass. These kneel on a platform, and in the midst of them, sex from sex separating, stands a figure of the Virgin, who extends her arms in blessing over all the devout group. Below this "Madonna della Misericordia" is a panel showing a Descent from the Cross, and beneath the whole lunette is a picture of the Dead Christ just taken down from the Cross.

MR. GLADSTONE AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Mr. Gladstone's return to England has had a more reassuring effect upon the public mind than all the contradictions of alarmist rumours received from the Riviera, and though it is recognised that the veteran statesman's marvellous vitality is not as much in evidence as usual, the fact that he was none the worse for the long journey to Calais, and thence to Dover, London, and Bournemouth, is in itself an extremely satisfactory sign. Before the close of his brief halt in London, on his way through to Bournemouth, Mr. Gladstone was sufficiently rested to drive to Marlborough House and

return the Prince of Wales's call upon him at Whitehall Court, before starting on his journey to Bournemouth. A considerable crowd assembled at Waterloo Station to watch the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were accompanied by Mr. Henry Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, and Dr. Habershon, and among the personal friends who saw the travellers off were Lord Welby and Sir Algernon West. Mr. Gladstone, it was remarked, seemed to require only the slightest support in walking from his carriage to the train, and again, on arrival at Bournemouth, from the train to Lord Vernon's carriage, such assistance as was given him by his son being seemingly necessitated more by his eyesight trouble than by any failure of his wonted physical alertness. The unusual cold which set in at Bournemouth with last week's fall of snow kept Mr. Gladstone indoors for the first two days of his sojourn, but by the third day he was able to take the air in the grounds of Forest House, his temporary residence, which faces southward, and is admirably sheltered from cold winds.

Some humorist reports that a "Society of the Crown" has been formed in America, to consist of people who can claim descent from European monarchs. One lady traces her genealogy back to Hugh Capet of France; but this pedigree is said to have been surpassed by one of the Vanderbilts, whose lineage comes down from Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and William the Conqueror.

Roman Catholic prelates in this country have repudiated all sympathy with the Anti-Semitic movement on the Continent. It is supported, however, by the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, and by clerical influence both in France and Hungary. Naturally it would be as absurd for the Catholic prelates to denounce the Jews in England as it would be for them to stigmatise the whole body of British Freemasons, with the Prince of Wales at their head, as atheists.



Photo. Eng. Boscombe.

FOREST HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. GLADSTONE DURING HIS STAY AT BOURNEMOUTH.



Photo Bates, Chertsey.
LIEUTENANT A. H. FESTING,
Second in Command Royal Niger Troops.



Photo Jacobette, South Kensington.
MAJOR A. J. ARNOLD, D.S.O.,
Commandant Royal Niger Troops.



Photo Jacobette, South Kensington.
LIEUTENANT J. A. BURDON,
Adjutant Royal Niger Troops.



Photo Meltrington, Las Palmas.
MR. W. WATTS,
Chief of Executive of Nupe and Borgu Regions.



Photo Ginnelle, Tonbridge Wells.
MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, C.M.G.,
Agent-General of the Niger Territories.



Photo Seaman, Chesterfield.
CHIEF JUSTICE MOORE.



Photo Vantogh, Ladbroke Grove Road.
MR. W. P. HEWRY,
Chief of Executive of Benue Regions.

SOME LEADING MEN OF THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY'S TERRITORY.



Photo Rev. S. S. Farrow.

EN ROUTE FROM LAGOS TO ABEOKUTA BY CANOE: MIDDAY HALT
AT SANDBANK ON RIVER OGUN.



Photo Dr. Harford Battersby.

THE FACTORY OF THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY, BUSUTU,
WHERE TROOPS DISEMBARK FOR THE NIGER.



Photo Rev. S. S. Farrow.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S DISPENSARY, ABEOKUTA, YORUBA.



Photo Dr. Harford Battersby.

INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH AT LOKOJA.

THE WEST AFRICAN QUESTION: SCENES IN THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY'S TERRITORY.



THE WEST AFRICAN QUESTION: "EGUNS," OR SACRED BEINGS SUPPOSED TO HAVE RISEN FROM THE DEAD, PASSING ALONG A ROAD IN ABEOKUTA, THE CAPITAL OF THE EGBA KINGDOM, YORUBA COUNTRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. S. S. FARROW.

An "Egun" is the spirit of a dead person supposed in the superstition of the country to have returned to life. Such reincarnated beings are considered sacred, and to touch one of them is to incur the penalty of death.



THE UNVEILING BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES OF A PORTRAIT OF LORD COLVILLE OF CULROSS AT THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY'S HEADQUARTERS, FINSBURY: LORD COLVILLE RETURNING THANKS.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Life, the cynical somebody said, would be sufficiently endurable but for its pleasures, although that well-placed minority which is at the moment evading native east winds of familiar memory by basking in sunshine abroad seems considerably content to pile up merry-makings and endure



GREY CLOTH DRESS PIPED WITH AMETHYST VELVET.

its state of being none the less. Quite the ordinary number of balls, carnivals, and perennial picnicks have, as usual, forerun Lent on the Riviera, the Nice battle of flowers, perhaps, taking precedence of all other gaieties of its kind, although the Monte Carlo *bataille*—in which, by the way, Lord and Lady Uxbridge took third prize for their white violet-decked windmill-carriage—ran it close.

Two fancy balls, both private functions, took place at Nice on Mardi Gras as the final fanfare till Mi-Carême, and at one of these an alluring notability was present in the person of Madame Satan, that infernal goddess being realistically frocked in black satin, over which was a veil of black mousseline-de-soie painted with well-simulated flames. The bodice of mousseline, with painted points of fire worked in orange sequins, was very clever. Two small red masks, with appropriately diabolical horns, held down a drapery on each shoulder; a trident, painted red, was carried in the hand, and a cleverly contrived horned arrangement for the hair with a small Luciferian mask completed this courageous costume. "Madame La Lune" was made a striking success, rendered in white satin, with suns and planets in various stages of eclipse painted as a border on edge of skirt. The head-dress of black velvet, with paste stars and a silver tissue moon in her first quarter crowning all, was well arranged and very becoming.

Meanwhile, succeeding these revelries, Lent, viewed as a picturesque excuse for composing dim religious tones in frocks, has always on this other count been very popular with the orthodox Parisienne, and this season we are introduced to a new shade of bluish rock pigeon-grey, which, profusely embroidered with amethysts, is considered appropriately sombre to the more demure state of being these forty days involve in gay Lutetia. One method of combining this duet in colour is successfully shown by the accompanying illustration, which deals with a grey cloth dress very daintily and symmetrically piped with amethyst velvet. Beneath the collar, an insertion of beaded guipure shows an amethyst velvet lining underneath, and the toque of black striped gauze over purple tulle is relieved by a white plume that curls about the brim in an attitude of undeniable *chic*.

Souvent femme varie is a truism without a limitation, one hears; but perhaps even less often in all other senses does it apply to lovely woman than in that of doing her hair. It may involve some consideration and delay as to the respective merits of one young man over another. To choose or change a gown, a parasol, or a menu is a matter to be deliberated over before adopted, but when a fresh style of hairdressing is announced the sex may be counted on to a woman, so much does the essence of fashionable well-being depend upon the immediate adoption of the newest chevelure. In this connection it may be therefore remarked that conformably with the threatened chignon crisis the Pompadour process tends to still more widen the haloes of well-waved locks with which we now surround our classic features, while the little knot of curls or coils at

back is lifted quite high on the head, and that furthermore a coquettish side parting of the fringe begins to obtain favour with well-coiffed Frenchwomen. Combs jewelled to their utmost available surface are a *sine qua non* of the evening effect, and as many as five are often worn, so as to keep the *ondulé* outline at its present required immensity. In jewellery the diamond clasped collar of pearls is in the front rank of fashion, and being so, it remains a consolatory fact that admirably simulated reproductions of these otherwise distinctly expensive toys can be bought at quite come-at-able figures from the Parisian Diamond Company, to whose highly artistic achievements, it may be said, the modern dame owes much of her brilliant attitude.

Gun-metal, supplemented with diamonds and pearls, is one of the latest whims in jewellery. Much, too, may be said in its defence, particularly when worn for mourning. I have seen throat-latches of gun-metal, with pearls inlaid, drawn over heliotrope velvet ribbon, which made a most affecting final touch to the toilette of a well-arranged widow. Lorgnette chains and bangles strung with diamonds have also an air *très chic* in this combination. Jewelled lace butterflies divide the honours with osprey and aigrette for evening coiffure, and the bat's-wing hair ornament either in white or black Chantilly, thickly powdered with brilliants, arrives at the smartest imaginable results.

A very *chic* example of evening frock, as it appears in the new spider-web tulle, is set forth here for the delectation of ball-going girlhood, and deserves more than a measure of approbation. This material is of the new newest, and though fine enough in appearance to have been spun from cobwebs and moonbeams, is sufficiently reliable inasmuch as it does not tear to tatters, like the classic tulle of one evening's wear. Treated with elaborate appliqué of Chantilly, as instanced, it makes a still more notable appearance. The colour of this model is a soft cloudy grey; the appliqué are white. A fluffy border of Neapolitan violets edges the bodice, poppy-shaped *choy* of pale-green gauze with diamond centres being arranged at one side of the décolletage. A grey marabout feather-fan, with smoked-pearl sticks, gloves, and satin souliers to match, complete this spring-like altogether. The sash, with long narrow ends, may be either grey or pale-green velvet ribbon.

From friends at Nice I hear of a new departure in cosmetics which entirely obliterates wrinkles of the longest standing, and which is being adopted with avidity by clients of M. Passéron, of the Avenue Masséna. The preparation is, it appears, quite harmless, being mere powdered seeds, sold in small packets, a little of which is made into a paste with *sève dermale* (not water) and applied warm to the lines of wrinkles which fate or time has written on the face. In five minutes this is washed off with hot water, into which some Blanc de Beauté sachet has been squeezed, with an immediate result which is, I hear, nothing short of miraculous. The paste is merely made over a spirit-lamp, and the rejuvenation does not occupy fifteen minutes. Greatly is one tempted to try the quality of this wonder-worker.

A revolution has sprung up in the drawing-room, but in nothing more serious than matters of wall-paper. The yellows and pale pinks with which we have been given to background ourselves have now, it would seem, retired Suburbiawards to make room for the new notion that dark yet brilliant colouring is the most fitting reflection for profile and colouring. As instances, two Mayfairian drawing-rooms may be quoted, which have just emerged from the "doing up" process in view of bridal home-comings. One room in a striped paper of deep Rose du Barri pink makes a gorgeous harmony with dull green



PRESENTATION TO MR. J. A. SPRECKLEY, C.M.G.

Mr. John Anthony Spreckley, C.M.G., lately a Colonel in the Bulawayo Field Force and Commandant of the Laager, was recently, at a public dinner at Bulawayo, presented with a handsome silver centrepiece "in recognition of conspicuous services rendered to the community during a time of danger," to quote the inscription upon the bowl. The centrepiece, which is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, consists of a bowl for fruit or flowers, having upon one side a panel containing, in relief-work, a faithful representation of the Bulawayo Laager as it appeared during the late Matabili rising. On the reverse side are trophies of Matabili arms. Upon the pedestal are statuettes of a trooper of the Bulawayo Field Force and a Matabili armed with assegais, shield, and the formidable "knob-kerry."

brocaded *chaises longues* and fauteuils of the *Bien-Aimé* time. Another room, less florid and of smaller dimensions, is papered with one of Shand Kydd's stencilled designs of dark rich emerald. White furniture upholstered in brilliant brocade of striped Oriental pattern gives the necessary brightness and relief to this charming room, which accentuates even the merits of a silver vase or a posy of early lilies to its last possibility. The sombre old-fashioned London room will bear this new treatment of its walls less



AN EVENING FROCK OF SPIDER-WEB TULLE.

well, naturally, than our methods in red brick, which make so much for sweetness and light; but judiciously applied, even in dark houses, the last departure will be found full of decorative merit and becoming effect.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

Miss Frances E. Willard's career may be considered as typically an American one. The daughter of a shopkeeper, who became a farmer for the sake of his health, and herself a teacher for the first fifteen years of her life, she might, had she been English, with the same ability and attractiveness, have been able to make her way to a certain degree of public position; but so soon as she had organised a successful society, she would have found her way barred, and her place taken, either by an enterprising politician or by some lady of title, or "good birth." The position which Miss Willard held, even in America, was unique. In her various progresses she was received almost as a princess is here, hundreds and thousands of people, who had no care for her personal views, pressing to hear her and to be introduced to her simply because they were interested in her individuality. Yet she was not only of humble origin, but she had no fortune; partly because there is not much wealth to be obtained from any purely philanthropic movement, and partly because early in life she made up her mind that money is a snare to its owner, and therefore that she would never allow herself to acquire any more wealth than was necessary to carry her along from year to year. She steadily refused to accept a larger fee than £5 clear for a lecture, though she was frequently offered very large sums; and, having a salary voted to her of £400 a year by the Temperance Association of which she was president, she returned year after year half of the amount into its treasury—actions of characteristic originality! Hers was a unique and fascinating personality; that rare combination in her mind of intense and earnest conviction and variety of wit made her singularly charming.

A memorial service was held at Canon Wilberforce's church on the 23rd, at which Lady Henry Somerset attended, and did not wear mourning, having a bonnet composed almost entirely of violets, and a brown box-cloth cape lined with white satin, and tan-coloured gloves. This was in accordance with the views of her departed friend. The belief which Frances Willard held, that death may be reasonably hoped to be only a re-birth to a happier condition, made it, she thought, quite out of place to put on heavy black raiment or assume other tokens of mourning. Canon Wilberforce, who conducted the service, simply read the order for burial from the prayer-book, and gave a brief address, concluding with a very remarkable prayer of his own—a prayer not precisely addressed to the departed, but consisting chiefly of messages to her, with a plea that if possible she might be allowed to receive them, and further, "if there be ways in which she may come, vouchsafe her to us as guide and guard, and grant us a sense of her nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit."—F. F.-M.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 31, 1896) of Charles Andrew, third Baron Huntingfield, J.P., D.L., of Heveningham Hall, Yoxford, Suffolk, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Jan. 6 at the Ipswich District Registry by Louisa, Baroness Huntingfield, the widow, and Joshua Charles, fourth Baron Huntingfield, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £134,171. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, and also the income of £30,000 during her life; and legacies to menservants and gamekeepers. At the decease of Lady Huntingfield, he bequeaths £30,000, upon trust, for his three daughters, the Hons. Anne, Frances, and Harriet Lucy Vanneck. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1894) of the Very Rev. Henry George Liddell, D.D., of Ascot Wood House, Ascot, late Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 22 by Edward Henry Liddell and Frederick Francis Liddell, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £67,874. The testator bequeaths the profits from the copyrights of "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon" and "Liddell's Roman History," published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, to his wife, during her life, and then to his children (except his son Lionel Charles, who is already provided for) in such proportions as she shall by will or codicil appoint. The share of his deceased daughter Edith in the funds of his marriage settlement and in a moiety of £9000, are to go to his other children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Hannah Liddell.

The Scotch Confirmation under Seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and settlement of Sir Thomas Dawson Brodie, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Idvies, Forfar, and 9, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, who died on Sept. 6, granted to Dame Anne Dawson Brodie, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 22, the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland being £67,591.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1893) of Mr. George Hall, of 72, Addison Road, Kensington, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on Feb. 19 by Mrs. Ellen Hall, the widow, and Mrs. Mary Rose Browne, and Miss Maria Elena Hall, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate being £35,848. The testator gives £300 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; and £100 each to his executrices. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares, but any sums already given to them are to be brought into account.

The will (dated July 18, 1883), with two codicils (dated Oct. 8, 1888, and Nov. 2, 1891), of Major-General Edward Mounier Boxer, F.R.S., the inventor of the well-known Boxer Fuse Cartridge, of Upton, Isle of Wight, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 14 by Colonel Henry Samuel Hall and Colonel Charles Morley Balders, the

executors, the value of the personal estate being £39,473. The testator bequeaths the income of £1000 to his daughter Edith Grace Boxer, until she marries, and subject thereto he leaves all his real and the residue of his personal estate as to one sixth thereof between his grandsons Edward Hood Shrapnel Boxer and Hugh Edward Richard Boxer; one sixth each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Catherine Houlton Alston, Mrs. Eleanor Elizabeth Mary Hall, Mrs. Elizabeth Halford Balders, and Edith Grace; and one sixth, upon trust, for his son William Monsell Boxer. On the decease of Mrs. Balders one half of her portion is to go to his grandson Henry Harold Nicholls Nicholls.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1896) of Mr. Henry Graham Lloyd, J.P., of West Felton Grange, Salop, who died at Bournemouth on Dec. 4, was proved on Feb. 15, by Mrs. Eleanor Elizabeth Lloyd, the widow, and Captain Arthur Henry Orlando Lloyd, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,125. The testator gives £300 and his carriages and horses, wines, and jewels to his wife, and during her life she is to have the use and enjoyment of one of his houses with the furniture and effects, and receive the income of one third of his residuary estate. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons, Charles Standish Graham Lloyd, William Graham Lloyd, and Francis Graham Lloyd, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1895) of Mr. Robert Townley Woodman, D.L., J.P., of Maescelyn, near Crick Howell, Brecon, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on Feb. 21 by Mrs. Mary Skelton Woodman, the widow, and Mr. Edward Pelly Woodman, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,801. The testator gives his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., and £1000 to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay her the income during her life. At her decease he bequeaths £500 to the children of his deceased brother Charles; £500 to the children of his deceased brother George, and the ultimate residue of his property to his nephew, Edward Pelly Woodman.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 18, 1895), of Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B., of Shedfield House, Southampton, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Feb. 17 by George Grenville Phillimore, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9210. The testator's testamentary dispositions are solely in favour of his wife and children.

The will (dated March 4, 1897) of Mr. Herman Eugene Falk, the "father" of the salt trade, of Catslough, near Winsford, Chester, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on Feb. 18 by Mrs. Alice Falk, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £16,948 gross and £4985 net. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles Augustus Tervelyan Percival, of Chichester Villa, Woodland Road, Hassocks, and formerly of 25, Grand Parade, Brighton, who died on

Jan. 5, were proved on Feb. 11 by Mrs. Anna Percival, the widow, and Samuel Evison, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3925.

The will of Mrs. Constance Farquharson, of Eastbury Park, near Blandford, Dorset, widow of Mr. Henry Richard Farquharson, M.P., who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 16 by Colonel Henry Webster Shakerley and Walter Badeley Pattison, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5920.

ART NOTES.

The Society of Medallists is the latest addition to the already long list of associations for the promotion of art study and artistic taste. There is doubtless an open field before the adventurers, and if they succeed in raising the level of glyptic art in this country, the people at large will be duly thankful, for the official expressions of taste in that line during the last fifty years have been, to say the least, lamentable. The first exhibition of the society, however, scarcely leads us to anticipate any immediate revival of this art. The Dutch Gallery (Brook Street, Hanover Square), where the display is made, is favourably known to art connoisseurs, and the names of the members exhibiting would suggest originality as well as skilfulness. But the thirteen (*absit omen*) original members seem to have thought it advisable to summon outsiders to their aid, and to supplement their medals and casts by drawings and paintings. While recognising the good intentions of the society, the first impression left upon the visitor—and unfortunately it remains to the end—is that imitiveness—at least, in treatment—is the distinguishing feature of the work. Those who care to compare the Quattro and Cinque Centisti with the Roman and Greek medallists will see at once how totally different a conception of their art possessed the mediæval and the ancient medallists. Again, the French revival of die-engraving in the middle of the last century was distinctly an original conception of the art, and although primarily educational rather than ornamental, specimens of the work hold a favoured place in private cabinets. Another curious feature is that medallists, when irresistibly drawn towards the same subject, treat it so differently that students of future generations will be able to argue at large as to the special qualities of Newman, Huxley, and Darwin as revealed by their medallions. Of those who send specimens of their art, Mr. Charles Holroyd and M. A. Legros are the most successful, but the former frankly recognises his obligation to his Italian forerunners. Among the ladies—and they already outnumber the men, even here, in the proportion of four to three—Miss Elinor Hallé, Mrs. Vereker Hamilton, and the Countess Feodora Gleichen display considerable taste and versatility.

After having been closed for two years for alterations and repairs, the Lille Museum has once more been reopened to the public, but it will be still some months before the best drawings and pictures of the Musée Wicar are

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exhibited. The story of the Lille Museum has a moral which may be worth learning. The municipality, in its desire to do honour to the benefactions of M. Wicar and others, determined to erect a building which should do honour to these and to themselves. They scorned to take the proffered advice of the Government architects, and were equally regardless of the ratepayers' pockets. A huge building was erected at enormous expense, with heavy, hideous ornamentation, of which the only result was to spoil the light of the galleries. When the pictures were hung it was found that they could not be seen, and, to add to the annoyance, the heating apparatus of the galleries was so faultily constructed that it allowed an escape of vapour, which ultimately settled upon the pictures in the form of a thick paste, which threatened their destruction. The closing of the gallery was hastened by a further catastrophe, connected with the hot-water pipes, but all this has now been set right, and after two years' interval and the expenditure of nearly £10,000, the Museum, which contains a large number of valuable and remarkable works of art, ancient and modern, is again accessible.

Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. have on view at their galleries (Pall Mall) two collections of pictures widely differing in style and subject. Miss Ella Du Cano paints flowers and flower-gardens with more than an amateur's ability, and although her choice of subjects includes studies of picturesque buildings in Italy and Belgium, and occasionally landscape effects in England and on the Riviera, it is as a colourist that she will earn her place

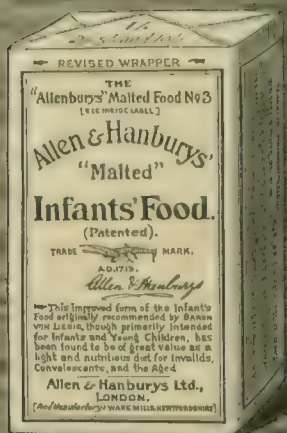
among her contemporaries. Such works as "The Rhododendron Walk, Windsor," "The Gardens at Gwydyr Castle," and "The Wall of Roses at Cannes" display a very considerable power of execution as well as observation. Miss Du Cano is at her best when she can emphasise the contrasts offered by Nature when clothed in her richest colourings, and on such occasions she shows her skill in not pretending to effect harmonies where none—as we understand the term technically—exist. Miss Du Cano often paints with vigour, and always with conscientious regard for truth.

The work of Messrs. Wadham and Sinclair is of a very different type, but is interesting as showing the state of painting in the Antipodes. Mr. Wadham is President of the Adelaide Easel Club, and Mr. Sinclair is one of his colleagues. Both of them seem to have travelled to New Zealand in search of the picturesque, although their sketches, by the way, from Tasmania especially, suggest that there are good sketching-grounds nearer home. Such magnificent panoramas as those of the New Zealand Alps, the geysers of Lake Manapouri, and the glaciers of Lake Wakatipu are naturally attractive to the artist. But in painting for British buyers, such spots as Cataract Gorge, Launceston, the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, Port Adelaide, and Brisbane are unknown yet often described spots. With these we should like to claim greater acquaintance by the aid of such clever draughtsmen as Messrs. Wadham and Sinclair, who, moreover, might remember that to some few such spots as the Great

Boulder Mine, Kalgoorlie, and the Gold-fields of Coolgardie have a special attraction. To the ordinary eye such spots are not attractive, but that is the fault, not of the prospect, but of the prospector and the inevitable prospectus.

The new volume of the *Year's Art* (Virtue and Co.) fully sustains the usefulness of this compendium of art information. The year 1897 will stand out as one in which the State recognition of art was more marked than in any of its predecessors. The opening of the Tate Gallery—for which a private individual found the money, and a private institution contributed half the pictures—the promise of the acquisition of Hertford House for the unrivalled Wallace collection, and the even more astonishing promise that the buildings of the South Kensington Museum would be taken in hand, constitute an important era in the history of British art. These and other matters furnish the editor, Mr. Carter, and Mr. H. Statham with useful materials for their readable retrospects of the year; but the most interesting novel feature of the volume is the invitation to all artists to keep a diary of their professional lives. Every artist who is worthy of the name aspires to leave a name behind him, and when we recall the important part played in the biographies of Reynolds and Romney—to name two only—by their "note books," these useful materials for future biographers should not be forgotten by living artists. A line or two referring day by day to sitters or sketching-grounds will, moreover, be often of as much immediate value to the painter as they will be interesting to the public of the future.

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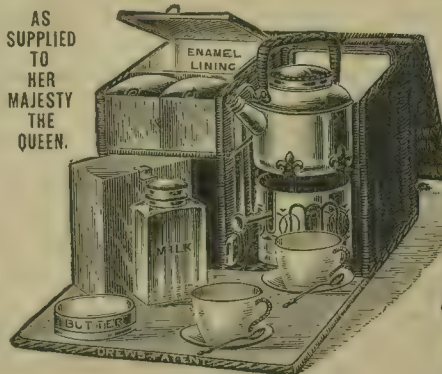
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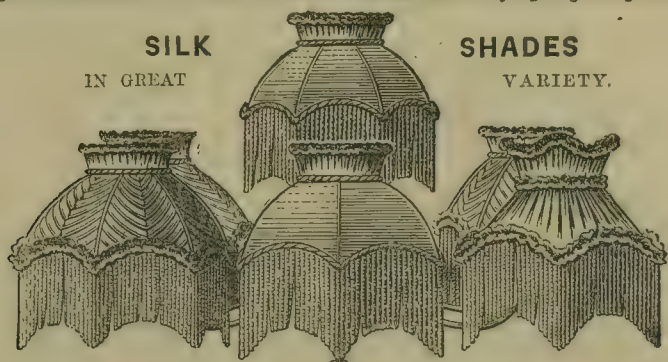
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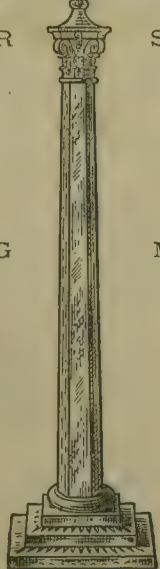
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MUSIC.

On Tuesday of last week, Mr. Mark Hambourg gave his first pianoforte recital since his return from Australia, at St. James's Hall. He went through a very large and miscellaneous programme, which included Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a ballade by Grieg, six works of Chopin, and stray compositions by Rubinstein, Leschetizky, Schutt, himself, and others. Let it be confessed that the programme was a very difficult one, and called for very various and versatile powers. Mr. Hambourg attacked the situation with splendid nerve and courage, and came through with something like triumph. It would not, perhaps, be altogether true to say that he shines pre-eminently in the playing of any particular master; but he plays nearly all with equal success and effect. It is true also that he is inclined to substitute glitter and a somewhat hard brilliancy in the place of tenderness and depth of feeling. But that is probably owing to a rather youthful delight in his marvellous technical accomplishments. Indeed, they are so effective and dashing that you have to wait with care and caution to disentangle his musical gift of personal expression from that wonderful manual agility. And having done so, you discover that he has time on his side,

and that his musical sentiment is likely to grow with riper experience and fuller thoughtfulness.

The Ash Wednesday Sacred Concerts were, as usual, excessively numerous. In the afternoon Mr. Henry Wood conducted the forces of the Queen's Hall Choral Society through performances of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Both were, of course, perfectly familiar to this excellent choir, which literally romped through them. The Rossini is, of course, now somewhat at a discount; its gaiety is a little old-fashioned and askew, and the sentimentality, for example, of such a popular piece as "Cujus Animam" is now scarcely endurable. The soloists were Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Lucie Johnstone, Mr. Herbert Grover, and Mr. Charles Manners, who all did their best. The Mendelssohn opening Symphony went satisfactorily enough, though not brilliantly; and the same singers, with the exception of Mr. Manners, acquitted themselves well. Mr. Wood seemed hardly up to his customary level of carefulness and seriousness.

In the evening at the Albert Hall we had the usual gigantic performance of "The Redemption" by the Royal Choral Society, under the direction of Sir Frederic Bridge. It is astonishing to find how this work retains its great popularity, for though there were many attractive sacred

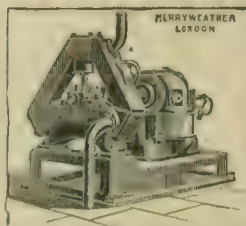
concerts taking place on the same evening the large hall was nearly full. "The Redemption" is, of course, something of a superstition with popular audiences, who have been taught to find in it all manner of beauties which are said to distinguish it, but which, for our part, we fail to discover. It is grandiose, exceedingly pretentious, and full of most serious intention; but it is doubtful if it has really great artistic merit; and then one must always recollect the popular passion for sound in the bulk, which is so great an attraction in so enormous a chorus as that of the Royal Choral Society. Madame Ella Russell, Miss Maggie Purvis, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Philip Brozel, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Daniel Price were the soloists, and Sir Frederic Bridge handled his orchestra with even more than his usual power, reserve, and discretion.

It would not be easy to commend too highly the series of concerts of old music which Mr. Dolmetsch is giving at his residence, 7, Bayley Street, Bedford Square, the first of which took place on Friday, Feb. 25, and the second and third of which are fixed for March 11 and March 25 respectively. Some explanation, in the account of Mr. Dolmetsch's recent lecture at Finsbury Circus, was given of this musician's ideals with regard to the music of past generations, and these concerts are among the practical expressions which he is giving to those ideals. Among other things

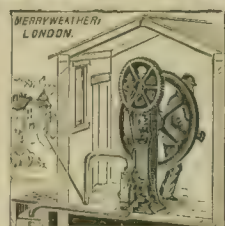
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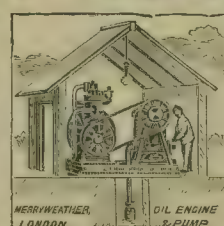
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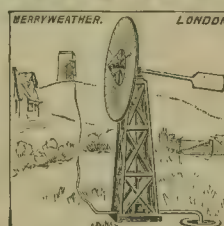
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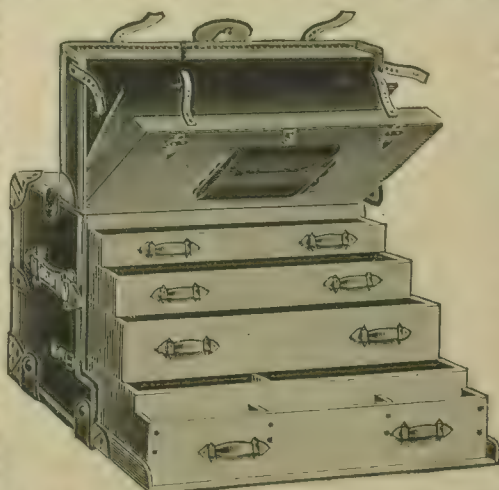
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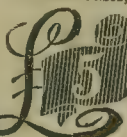
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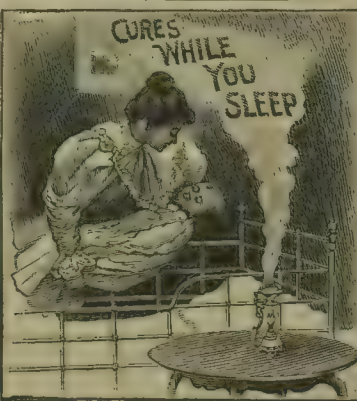
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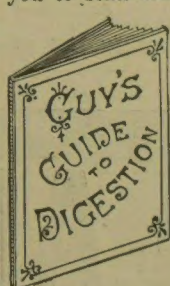
If you have a bad taste in the mouth in the morning when you wake, and a feeling of nausea in your Stomach, and oppressiveness at your forehead, with pains under your shoulder-blades, then you are Dyspeptic. You do not digest your food properly; it doesn't nourish you as it should do, but decomposes in your Intestines and poisons your Blood. You need Guy's Tonic taken after meals to help your Stomach to digest the food you eat, and not have the food hang about until it decays and becomes offensive and poisonous.

If you have Acidity, Wind, Flatulence, or Heartburn, and are subject to Sick-Headache; if your food feels like a heavy weight at the pit of your stomach, causing you pain and discomfort, then you have a bad attack of Indigestion. You need two things—(1) that which will disperse the symptoms from which you are now suffering, and (2) that which will also, by aiding and assisting in the work of future Digestion, ensure future and proper Assimilation of what you eat. Guy's Tonic will do these things for you easily and naturally, and so help you to recover waning strength and declining energy, by virtue of the beneficent tonic power it so well exerts.

A medicine that merely drives off or allays a symptom is but a palliative. You need more than this. You want to prevent future attacks by taking Guy's Tonic to restore strength and tone to your Digestive Organs, thereby promoting the assimilation of food in the Tissues to build you up figuratively and actually.

Two Books Free.

And if you write to Guy's Tonic Company, 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W., naming *The Illustrated London News*, they have a Book, entitled "Guy's Guide to Digestion," which will much interest you to read and give you a good deal of valuable information.



You may learn What to Eat, and What to Avoid, and how long each article takes to digest, and how much easier all Food is digested when Guy's Tonic is taken after meals. A book has also just been printed containing "Two Hundred Brief Letters" of telling Testimony from grateful users of Guy's Tonic.

These people tell how they obtained relief and cure from Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-headache, Sluggish Liver, and kindred Ailments. These two Books will be sent to you post free on application, and will afford you the most positive proof of the merits of Guy's Tonic, which, by the way, is sold by all Chemists.

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he gave us a composition for six viols by Richard Deeringe (circ. 1600), which showed how curiously the musicians of this time found in music a real "place of peace." Miss Carr Shaw also sang one of Purcell's most beautiful melodies, "Ye Gentle Spirits of the Air," of course accompanied by the harpsichord, and Mr. Dolmetsch, among other things, played six short pieces for the lute from the Straloch MS. It is well to refresh oneself from time to time with the dews of this morning music.

The Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall of Saturday last was singular for two things—an unsatisfactory work performed unsatisfactorily, and a beautiful composition

played beautifully. The first was Signor Esposito's prize cantata for the Irish Musical Festival given last year in Dublin, and the second was Beethoven's immortal Pastoral Symphony. The cantata is frankly a minor work, with a fluency, an easy melodic grace, and a certain modernity of treatment about it, but it has no claims to greatness or to any remarkable beauty. Moreover, it was not particularly well performed. The Queen's Hall Choir was sadly out of form, and it was apparent that enthusiasm was not an easy note to assume. It is to be hoped that the production of prize music is not going to be a feature of Mr. Wood's concerts. The Symphony, on the other hand, was greatly

and splendidly played, and did everybody concerned the highest credit. In it Mr. Wood again showed his best qualities.

It would tax even the most constant devotee of "Irish" to find fault with the Scotch Liqueur Whisky of which Messrs. Stenhouse, of Glasgow, have lately sent us a sample. This is an old liqueur whisky, matured in sherry casks for ten years. It has a fine flavour, yet is extremely soft and mellow to the palate. It is sent out in bottles of a special shape, a dozen of which represent two gallons, the cases being sent carriage free for forty-five shillings.

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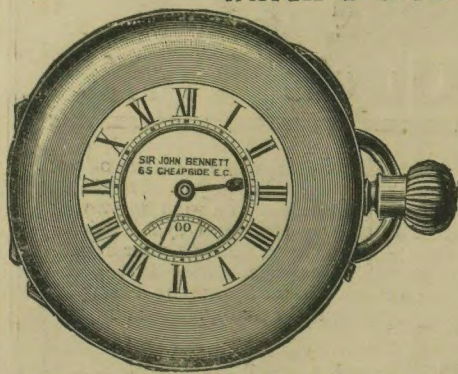
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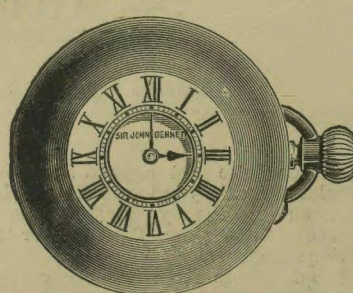


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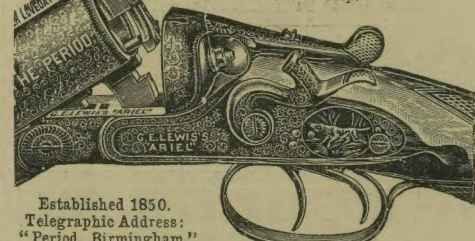
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